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Che-le-co-the, glimpses of yesterday

L. W. Renick, Margaret Dixon Fullerton, Mary Probasco Nipgen

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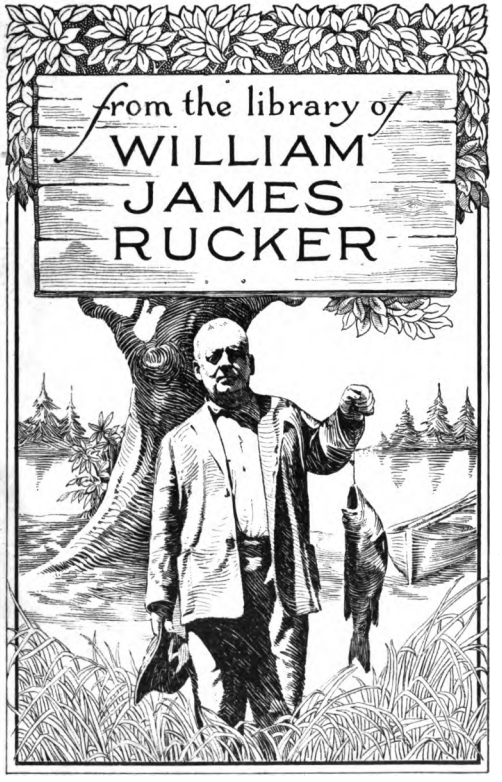

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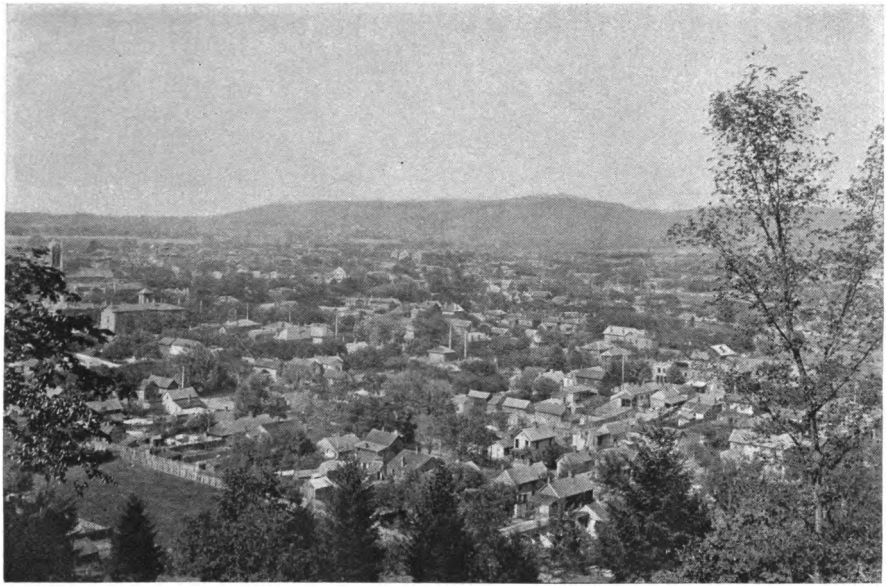

THE OLD TOWN BEAUTIFUL.

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CHE-LE-CO-THE

GLIMPSES OF YESTERDAY

A SOUVENIR OF
THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE FOUNDING OF CHILLICOTHE, OHIO
APRIL, 1896

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO
1896

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PREFACE.

THE object of producing this Centennial Souvenir Book of Chillicothe, is, to preserve in some substantial form, not precisely historical or biographical sketches, but a review of incidents, customs, and traditions—unwritten history—of the early part of this first century of Chillicothe's existence. To rescue from the dim twilight, cherished memories, before the writers have passed to their reward—a kind of "human herbarium of pressed leaves and flowers"—for all those who may be interested.

Some of the articles have been culled from different sources, and when two or more have written on the same subject, we have incorporated them into one,—as

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the articles of Thomas Worthington, First Presbyterian Church, and the Methodist Church.

We regret that limited space has necessitated cutting, in many of the articles.

We thank most cordially all those who have aided us in our work, by their interest, pictures, and contributions.

We have made no attempt at *great things*, but have striven conscientiously to present facts correctly, which we now leave with a lenient public.

L. W. RENICK
M. D. FULLERTON
M. P. NIPGEN.

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CHE-LE-CO-THE.

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PROLOGUE.

"OF making books there is no end,"
The wisest man of all so penned.
Now, books in ages that have passed,
Have multiplied as thick and fast
As leaves upon the myriad trees;
Or sands beneath the restless seas.
We trust there 's room for just one more
Small volume of forgotten lore,
Of those who lived, and loved, and died,
Now swept by Time's resistless tide
To the Beyond. Fate spare the day,
When mem'ry dim shall melt away,
When all the good of other days,
Sinks 'neath Oblivion's misty haze.
We love the things of olden days,
Old friends, old books, old times, old ways:
And these we would perpetuate;
Their noblest virtues emulate.
In every home are household graves,

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Where yearning nature sometimes craves
The priv'lege sweet of tears and prayer,
Mid sacred relics treasured there ;
We claim prerogative to tread
These precious chambers of the dead.
With solemn mien (the world denied),
With bated breath, without a guide,
We lift the latch, unclose the doors,
And view prized archives, hidden stores.
A weird and mystic charm is cast
As 'neath the rubbish of the past
We rummage chests in sacred trust,
Capture some gems from attic dust ;
While delving midst these relics grim,
The lights, the shades, so strange, so dim,
Unearth wild phantoms, fears and doubt,
While shadows vague flit in and out.
In retrospective, pensive mood,
With throbbing pulse, we ponder—brood,
With brain afire :—tears dim the eye,
While tokens all around us lie
Of broken hearts : what mighty power
For grief, distress, this withered flower,
That rusty sword, that broken spur,
Romantic reveries sweetly stir.
Here, tender love enshrines with care,
The vestments of a Bride most fair ;
The wreath, the veil, the stately gown
Were never privileged to be worn ;

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The angels bore her soul away,
Before the happy nuptial day.
A dirge was sung for bridal bliss.
Lo ! what a metamorphosis—
With pungent odors mingled well,
Thyme, marigold, and asphodel.
Thus shrouded in the mouldy past,
In shadows deep, we stand aghast ;
Think of the hopes, the joys, the tears,
The struggling, earnest, hopeful years ;
And long for limner's power to paint
The merry maiden, modest saint ;
Or yearn for Poet's pen of fire,
To tell of courtly knight or squire ;
Perchance, these echoes crystallize,
And make them living memories.
We thus preserve some choicest bits,
Of beaux and belles, savants and wits ;
Where history fails of this old town,
Dear Chillicothe, of renown.

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THE OLD TOWN BEAUTIFUL.

WHO does not remember the dainty bit of landscape which Chaucer reveals to our charmed vision at the beginning of the *Clerkes Tale.*

Ther is right at the West side of Itaille
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain habundant of vitaille,
Ther many a toun and tour thou maist behold,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delitable sighte,
And Saluces this noble contree highte.

He wrote with love in his heart for the beautiful land he describes, but with no warmer admiration for its beauty, or more loyal devotion to that sunny clime, than do the sons and daughters of Chillicothe feel to-day for their home, as they stand

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upon the brow of the hill and look with pride upon the broad valley below, in the centre of which their historic old town gleams as its noblest gem.

When we consider that nearly five hundred years have passed since Chaucer gazed upon that scene, already hoary with age and heavy with history and romance, Ohio's first capital seems to be but at the threshold of her life now that she has reached the early age of a hundred years.

The hand of man wrought much of the picturesque into the older civilization, but the ancient "toun and tour" are swept out of sight by the wonders of only fifty years of the march of modern civilization; and a far more potent factor than man was building for us of the human race better than she knew. The hand of nature, ignoring such futile distinctions as time and space, wrought on with all the resources of eternity at her command, upheaving, constructing, or, with one touch of her finger, casting over what she had

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already created the noiseless wave of decay, until the waters parted, and, across the ocean, "Vesulus the cold" reared its head, overlooking "the lusty plain habundant of vitaille," while, at the same time, on this continent, as fair a picture was preparing for those "fathers old" who were to found, in the happy valley of the Scioto, the old Town Beautiful.

Charming, indeed, are her environments. At sunset, on "a rare day in June," although catching glimpses of beauty here and there as you climb the rather steep ascent, you are scarcely prepared for the glorious landscape rolled out before you, when you have reached the summit of the hill and gaze—spell-bound.

On the western side the rocky walls of Paint Creek follow the meanderings of the ever-changing little stream, until they lose themselves in the wild, rugged, and precipitous formations of the picturesque cliffs and the still more enchanting wizard-haunted caves of Highland.

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Upon the eastern horizon rises the chain of mountain-like hills, distinguished by its chief, old Mount Logan, who lifts his revered crest six hundred feet above the slow, silver Scioto, which winds its leisurely way through fields of golden grain, green pasture lands, and cool woodlands, murmuring thrilling tales of the olden time as it flows on through the broad valley to fall safely at last into the sheltering bosom of the Ohio.

What would we not give to understand the language of the Naiades, who bubble forth these old-time tales so ceaselessly. We deem ourselves old, in that a hundred years have rolled away since the first log hut was raised; but to these silvery recorders, a century is but a second in time, our civilization, a babe in arms, and even the "cycle of Cathay" in its early youth. They could tell the story of a race, whose people and homes crowded upon each other in this our valley; a prehistoric tribe which seemed to exist before time

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was; a nation, whose seat of empire was undoubtedly on the very spot upon which was founded our town, and in the valley around; for "nowhere else do memorial mounds exist in such numbers—nowhere else do so many defensive works appear, or such a number and variety of sacred enclosures." And as we listen we might detect a note—a plash as of softly falling tears—narrating their reluctance to make their home, the river, the war-way down which silently floated the braves of certain aboriginal tribes stealthily to strike certain other tribes, their implacable foes of ages agone. And the plaintive note becomes a dirge, as the story tells how, later on, these fierce red men brought terror and desolation to the new homes in the wilderness, of their pale-faced brothers, who were so daring as to invade and strive to wrest from them their cherished hunting grounds.

From the top of the old chief, Mount Logan, a century ago, the view must have

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been magnificent. Even with the forests primeval on all sides, from that coigne of vantage, so far above the giant trees of the slopes and valley, whose long arms lovingly overlapped, perhaps with an instinctive last embrace prophetic of coming destruction, the hills to the west stood out against the clear sky crowned with their sister forests, or bare and storm-beaten, while gleams of light revealed the streams tumbling down the sides to swell the waters of Paint Creek and its numerous forks, which form so perfect a network in Nature's inimitable drainage system.

And in winter, how rare a sight when blanketed with snow, and how perfect the stillness! The axe-blows ringing on the clear, cold air, and the smoke-wreaths from scattered cabins, lazily circling to the sky, only served to accentuate the impression of intense solitude. Mayhap, a dangerous solitude, to be broken suddenly by cry of ravening wolf or more dreaded yell of savage.

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But it was reserved for the autumn to show what wealth of glory and color could do for the favored little settlement below. From Rattlesnake Knob far away to the southeast, sweeping clear around to the north, the yellowing leaves of oak and beech, of chestnut and buckeye poured floods of sunshine, which mingled with the scarlet and varying shades of green, enveloped the hamlet and the entire landscape in one vast enflamed sea. And the heritage has come down to us intact. For although the mellowing touch of time and progress has changed the landscape, and fields of golden grain wave over the graves of forest monarchs long departed, still, standing upon the brow of "Oak Hill," the steep sides of the creek rise before you, forest clad as of old, making the autumnal air softly luminous with the garnered glory of a century. And way across the valley, from the point at lovely Buena Vista, there is ever before us the magic picture with its high-lights of sun-

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bathed meadows, its restful shadows of grove and woodland, the line of hills far to the west melting away in misty, roseate veil, yet gently suggesting other, and still other blue hills far, and still farther away, where "horns of elfland are faintly blowing." And through it all the lake-like stream laps along, defined here by the lighter green of the willows, there by the archer's bow of sparkling water, reflecting bird and flower and sky, and, radiant in the midst of the witching vale, rests the Pioneer Queen of the Scioto Valley.

Thus through all these changing seasons, the bonnie lass gathered health, and strength, and grace, as needs she must amid such surroundings, and now she has rounded out into the full glory of womanhood. Lightly her hundred years sit upon her. "Slow" and "unprogressive" have been the epithets hurled at her by more pushing sister cities as they scurried by. But serene and undisturbed is she, remembering her children of glorious manhood

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in every walk of life and in almost every clime—the statesmen she has nourished for national fame, the noble sons she has reared and sent forth to fight, and die if need be, for what their fathers had fought before them, their country and their God—and the beloved daughters, who have grown up around her firesides, distinguished in beauty, culture, refinement, and all the graces of true gentlewomanliness. So cheerily she works by day, and sweetly she sleeps when day is done. The western hills beam softly on her tranquil slumber, and old Mount Logan stands ever on guard to protect her from treacherous friend or secret foe during all the shadow of the night.

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GENERAL NATHANIEL MASSIE.

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GENERAL NATHANIEL MASSIE.

AMONG the English families that furnished Virginia with colonists, were the Massies of Chestershire. About 1690, three brothers of that name came from the Mersey to the James, and settled in New Kent County, where they had grants of land. In 1760, Nathaniel Massie, Sr., married Elizabeth Watkins, and moved to Goochland County, near Richmond, where on December 28, 1763, the subject of this sketch was born and was named Nathaniel in honor of his father. The boy was given a good education, and began his career, when only seventeen, by entering the Revolutionary Army, in which his father was an officer. At the close of the war he studied sur-

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veying, and in 1783 went to Kentucky to practise his profession. The whole country west of the Alleghanies was then a wilderness infested by hostile savages; and whoever ventured within its bounds was sure to encounter many hardships and dangers, no less than fifteen hundred persons being killed by the Indians in Kentucky during the seven years between 1783 and 1790. This pioneer life was a severe training; but it developed the strength and self-reliance of those who survived its perils.

The calling of a surveyor was especially exposed to risks and privations, as his work was done in the woods away from all protection and supplies. Young Massie speedily acquired a splendid reputation both for his skill in his profession, and for his courage and patience as a backwoodsman. He soon began to accumulate property by dealing in lands and by various commercial speculations, chiefly in salt and in furs, at that time the most

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valuable articles in western trade. By 1790, Nathaniel Massie had become a man of means and a natural leader among the Kentucky pioneers, in every way qualified for the undertaking, full of hazard and danger, which now presented itself. When Virginia ceded to the United States her claims to the territory northwest the Ohio River, she reserved the lands lying between the Scioto and Little Miami Rivers, for the purpose of paying her Revolutionary veterans. As she had lands in Kentucky set apart for the same purpose, which were first to be exhausted, the district reserved in Ohio was not thrown open to the holders of warrants until 1790. This accounts for the settlements therein being of a little later date than those of the Ohio Company at Marietta, and of John Cleves Symmes at Cincinnati.

Several years before the district was formally opened, surveyors from Kentucky had, amid great hardships and

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dangers, explored the Scioto Valley and begun the location of lands. First among these was Nathaniel Massie, who in 1791, in order to have a base for his operations north of the Ohio, founded the town of Manchester, in what is now Adams County. This was the first settlement in the Virginia Military District, and is the fourth oldest place in Ohio. It is generally admitted to have occupied the most dangerous position of them all, for it was in the centre of a region inhabited by hostile Indians, and unprotected by any fort or regular troops. Marietta was built under the shadow of Fort Harmar and Cincinnati had the garrison at Fort Washington to watch over her beginnings. Manchester had no protectors save the few hardy backwoodsmen, who, leaving their Kentucky cabins, and relying solely on themselves, their axes, and rifles, pitched their camp on the bank of the Ohio and began the erection of their stockaded town.

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In McDonald's sketches and in similar works, many exciting narratives of the adventures of these pioneers can be read. During the next five years, Massie made many surveys in the Virginia Military District, fighting Indians, and enduring constant exposure and often hunger, but receiving handsome compensation, chiefly in land.

In 1795, Massie decided to found a town on the Scioto near the mouth of Paint Creek, and he organized a company at Manchester for that purpose. This company set out in the Spring, but encountered a war party of the Shawnees at Reeves's Crossing of Paint Creek, and after a sharp battle with the Indians, fell back on Manchester to await a more favorable opportunity. This was the last Indian fight in our State, for Wayne's treaty at Greenville, in June of the same year, brought permanent peace to the settlers in what is now Ohio.

Early in 1796, Massie again started

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from Manchester for the Scioto, leading part of his forces overland and sending the rest in pirogues up the Ohio and Scioto Rivers. These parties met on the banks of the Scioto near the mouth of Paint Creek, and, on April 1, 1796, landed their goods and began to build their cabins at a place called Station Prairie—somewhat southeast of the site of the present Greenlawn Cemetery. The proposed town was at once laid out, and in the following July lots were assigned, Massie giving to each of the first one hundred settlers an in lot and an out lot. After consultation with his friends, Massie gave the settlement the name of Chillicothe, which is the Indian word meaning a town. We are told that "It increased rapidly, and before the winter had several stores, taverns, and shops for mechanics." This was made possible by the great inrush of settlers, which followed the termination of the Indian wars.

Chillicothe having been founded by

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Virginians naturally attracted most of the emigrants from that State. These were of various kinds, from the ordinary backwoodsmen to college graduates; but all intent, in their own way, on improving their fortunes. Many brought letters of introduction to Massie, asking his favor in general, and usually his assistance in buying land, or his advice as to choice of location or business ventures. Massie must have been glad to receive these settlers, for his whole policy was to build up his community; and with this end in view, he sold his lands at exceedingly low prices, and in any quantity from a few acres up, taking as pay either cash or promises. He adopted the same course in all undertakings which might be of benefit to the public, lending to them his name and credit. Thus Chillicothe soon became one of the largest and busiest towns in the whole Northwest Territory, and then began to exert her influence on shaping the destinies of our State.

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The government provided for the Northwest Territory by the ordinance of 1787, was, that same year, committed by Congress to Arthur St. Clair as Governor, three judges and a secretary being associated with him. St. Clair was President of Congress at the time of the adoption of the ordinance, had served as a Major-General during the Revolution, and was a warm personal friend of General Washington. The first eight years of his administration were mostly taken up with the continuous Indian wars, which harassed the country on both sides of the Ohio. General St. Clair's chief distinction during this period, was his crushing defeat by the Indians under Little Turtle, in November, 1791, when he lost about half of his army and all of its equipment. Wayne's victory over the Indians at Fallen Timbers, in 1794, brought security to the Territory and a flood of immigration, so that a census, taken in 1798, showed that there were within its bounds

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5000 free, white male inhabitants. According to the terms of the ordinance of 1787, this entitled the territory to elect a legislature of its own. Accordingly the people selected their ablest men as representatives. Among them were Nathaniel Massie, Edward Tiffin, and Thomas Worthington.

The Assembly met at Cincinnati in the fall of 1799. Everything went harmoniously and without regard to politics, until the close of the session, when St. Clair disturbed this primitive simplicity by the vigorous use of his veto. Most of the acts which were thus rejected, were those creating new counties and fixing the seats of justice therein, St. Clair claiming this as his prerogative. His action naturally caused a great deal of feeling, especially among those who were largely interested in lands,—Nathaniel Massie being the chief opponent of the claim advanced by the Governor. These bills were probably of small consequence in themselves, but

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they contained the beginnings of politics in Ohio, for beneath this little controversy, lay a great question: Should the people decide for themselves what was best for them, or should a Governor, deriving his authority from without the territory; should the government be paternal, aristocratic, or democratic?

Governor St. Clair, who was by training and association a strong Federalist, believed the people to be but ill-qualified to decide such questions for themselves; and that a wise and good man, provided like himself with some far-away superior power, was much better fitted to be entrusted with all such matters. Nathaniel Massie and his followers were sure that they knew their own best interests, and did not propose to be governed by any one except themselves; nor did they have much reason for respecting the distant Federal Government, which heretofore had furnished them scant protection from the Indians, and which still suffered the Eng-

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lish along the Great Lakes, and the Spanish in Louisiana, to menace their political and commercial freedom. The two parties thus created at once began hostilities. St. Clair's plan was to divide the territory into three parts, bounding the eastern division on the west by Eagle Creek, thus making it a sure Federalist territory, and keeping all the divisions "in the colonial state for a good many years to come." The opponents of the Governor—now generally called the Chillicothe or Virginia party—led by Nathaniel Massie, Edward Tiffin, Thomas Worthington, and Michael Baldwin, set to work to secure such a division as would insure the speedy admission of the eastern portion into the Union and make Chillicothe its capital. The Territory was represented in Congress by William Henry Harrison, who naturally sided with his fellow Virginians, and who, in 1800, secured the passage of an act dividing it into two parts by the Greenville Treaty line from the Ohio to

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Fort Recovery, thence due north to Canada. The eastern division continued to be called the Northwest Territory, and Chillicothe was made its capital; the western division was named Indiana Territory, and Vincennes was made its capital. St. Clair remained as Governor of the former; Harrison became Governor of the latter. This was a great victory for Chillicothe; five years after its inception, it had become the capital of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio.

The next session of the legislature witnessed a renewal of the conflict, St. Clair asserting his supposed rights more arbitrarily than ever, his opponents insisting just as vigorously on theirs. Finally the Governor summarily dismissed the legislature, alleging that his term was about to expire, and that no provision existed for any one to take his place. This move was a mere political trick, and a positive injury to pressing public interests. Both sides began an active campaign for the

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next legislature; the Chillicotheans by agitating for statehood, the Governor's friends by scheming for another division of the Territory. This time the Scioto was to be the western boundary.

Notwithstanding the re-election of Massie, Tiffin, and others of their kind, the election resulted rather favorably to St. Clair, whom John Adams had reappointed Governor. Soon afterwards Thomas Jefferson became President, and the Federalists lost control of Congress. Now it would seem that the merest political tyro would have known enough under these circumstances, to let the Chillicothe minority rest in peace; but St. Clair and his followers seemed bent on self-destruction, for when the Assembly met in November, 1801, they renewed the battle by passing bills declaring the assent of the Territory to a change in the boundaries of the States to be framed under the ordinance of 1787, and removing the capital from Chillicothe to Cincinnati. The Governor approved

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both these acts, which were aimed as death-blows at Chillicothe and her founders. The Virginia party at once sent Worthington and Baldwin to Philadelphia, where Congress then sat, to oppose the proposed change of boundaries, a measure which Paul Fearing of Marietta, the representative of the Territory in Congress, was pressing.

The Chillicotheans were successful in their mission. Eighty-one Congressmen voted against the change; only five for it. The Virginia party, however, were not satisfied with this negative victory, but determined to secure St. Clair's removal and their immediate admission to the Union. Massie preferred charges against the Governor, and Congress was urged to pass an act to enable the citizens of the Northwest Territory to form a State government and to enter the Union.

On April 30, 1802, Congress authorized a convention of delegates to be elected in September for the purpose of determin-

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ing, first, whether it was expedient to establish a State government; if so decided by a majority of the delegates, they were empowered to proceed to adopt a constitution and to form a State government. The contest over the election of delegates was vigorous and bitter; Massie and his friends were elected to represent Ross County. When the convention met at Chillicothe, in November, 1802, and voted on the expediency of statehood, thirty-four voted yes, only one voted no. This was an overwhelming victory for the Virginians, and the end of St. Clair, who, in a speech delivered before the convention, spoke so intemperately of the project that President Jefferson was at last obliged to remove him from office.

The constitution which was adopted was framed wholly in accordance with the ideas of the Chillicothe leaders; the Governor was made a mere figure-head, being given no control whatever over the legislature, by the right of vetoing its acts

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or otherwise; the power of the legislature was bounded only by the constitution itself. This instrument has been severely criticised by many historians and legal writers. While it may have minor faults, it has one crowning glory.

The history of the Anglo Saxon race in its broadest sense is a record of the struggles of the people to assert themselves against their rulers. The great trophies in this contest are the Magna Charta; the Bill of Rights of 1689, won by our ancestors in the old home across the sea; and the Declaration of Independence, made good by our Revolutionary forefathers in America. Each of these trophies marks a long step forward toward a government of the people, by the people, for the people, but none go quite so far as to give the people absolute power, freed from all control of King, President, or Governor.

The first to reach that goal, were the founders of Ohio, led by the Chillicothe states-

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men, who had been trained, in their backwoods struggles with savage men and rugged nature, to rely on themselves alone, and to allow no man to dictate what was best for them and theirs. But these men were not primitive anarchists; they made rules to govern themselves, and selected men from among themselves to administer their laws. In the organization of the new State government, the Chillicotheans were especially prominent; Edward Tiffin was elected Governor, Thomas Worthington, one of the United States Senators, Charles Willing Byrd became the United States District Judge. Nathaniel Massie, President of the State Senate, and Michael Baldwin, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The State itself was thoroughly Republican, as distinguished from Federalist; and next year gave her electoral votes to Thomas Jefferson, who, of all American Statesmen, most thoroughly appreciated the needs and possibilities of the West.

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This ascendency, gained at the beginning, continued for many years under the original leaders and their younger followers, among whom we may mention Duncan McArthur, William Creighton, and William Allen. There is not space to enumerate all that these men did toward shaping the destiny of Ohio; it is enough to say that they helped to make her a great State, and secured for her a liberal, popular government. Time has justified their course, and future generations will bless their courage and wisdom.

Nathaniel Massie having thus secured the recognition of his political principles, turned his attention to his own affairs. He had but recently married Susan Meade, a daughter of Colonel David Meade of Kentucky, whose magnificent estate "Chaumiere," near Lexington, was famous throughout the Southwest for its social splendor and hospitality. For her he built his house at the Falls of Paint Creek, near Bainbridge, and there they

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lived during the remainder of his life. Most of his time was occupied with his varied business interests, but he occasionally left these for public duties, serving in the legislature several terms, and in both 1804 and 1808, he was one of the Presidential Electors selected in Ohio, voting for Jefferson and Madison respectively. In 1807, he was a candidate for Governor, but was defeated by Return Jonathan Meigs, whose election Massie contested on the ground "that Meigs had not been a resident of this State for four years next preceding the election, as required by the Constitution"; the General Assembly in joint convention, decided that Meigs was not eligible. "Massie," says McDonald, "did not claim the office, being of too magnamimous a nature to accept any offering that was not of the free will"; so Thomas Kirker, President of the Senate, became Governor.

For many years Nathaniel Massie was a Major-General of the Ohio Militia; and

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the last act of his public life was to raise a force of five hundred men for the relief of General Harrison and his army at Fort Meigs, in the spring of 1813.

General Massie died November 3, 1813, leaving besides his widow, three sons and two daughters. In June, 1870, the remains of General Massie and his wife were removed from the old family burying ground, to the cemetery at Chillicothe, where they now rest under a granite monument erected by his descendants, and which overlooks for miles the beautiful valley into which he first brought civilization.

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GOVERNOR THOMAS WORTHINGTON.

GOVERNOR EDWARD TIFFIN.

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EDWARD TIFFIN.

IN 1797, a little band of pioneers, devoted to antislavery ideas, and anxious to escape the demoralizing effects, and the sin of that institution, left their homes in Berkeley County, Virginia, and, having loaded their household goods into wagons, and travelling themselves in their family carriages, set forth on a toilsome journey of more than two weeks over the Alleghanies, enthused with the prospect of a new life on free soil in the great Northwest Territory. Among them was Dr. Edward Tiffin (who was born in Carlisle, England, June 19, 1766), his wife, Mary Worthington, his father and mother, and brother Joseph, his brother-in-law, Thomas Worthington, and others.

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Edward Tiffin came to this country with his father's family, when eighteen years of age. He proceeded at once to Philadelphia, where he completed his medical studies, which had been begun in England. He then rejoined his father, who had settled in Charlestown, Va., and began the practice of his profession when but twenty years of age. Three years later, being established in a lucrative practice, he married; he was always spoken of as "a favorite in the gay and fashionable circles of old Berkeley."

The guiding motive in the minds of Dr. Tiffin and his "conscientious and heavenly-minded" wife, when they abandoned associations so congenial to their tastes, and turned to the wilderness of the West, could only have been one of high principle. Dr. Tiffin was the bearer of a letter of introduction from General Washington to Governor St. Clair, recommending him to an appointment in the Northwest Territory. In this letter the General

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testifies to "the fairness of his character in private and public life, from a knowledge of the gentleman's merits, founded upon a long acquaintance."

Can we not imagine that these cultivated people, with enthusiasm enough to bring them as pioneers into an altogether uncivilized country, would be affected by their first sight of the Scioto Valley, then in its primeval beauty, much as was General Winfield Scott fifty years later, when in a speech in Chillicothe, he likened it to the "happy valley of *Rasselas*"? Besides household effects, there were packed into these wagons which labored into the straggling town of Chillicothe, young trees, shrubs, precious roots, bulbs, and vines, for the prospective homes in the new land, which in time were to "blossom as the rose."

Among the early homes of Chillicothe, was that of Edward Tiffin. As one walks along the north side of Water Street today, between Walnut and High Streets,

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nothing remains to connect the locality with that past time, when this whole square was redolent with the sweet odors from Mrs. Tiffin's garden. In the middle of this garden stood the stone dwelling erected by Dr. Tiffin, the first house in Chillicothe that was roofed with shingles.

Twelve years passed rapidly, years in which Dr. Tiffin was closely identified with the growth and prosperity of Chillicothe. He had gained a high reputation as a surgeon and physician, and had begun a political career in the territorial legislature, being chosen Speaker of that body, which had witnessed his presidency of the constitutional convention, and his unanimous election to the first two terms of the gubernatorial office of the State of Ohio. Later he was elected to the United States Senate, his credentials to that body being presented by John Adams.

When thus at the summit of worldly prosperity, the death of his wife, with whom he had lived so happily for nearly

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twenty years, overwhelmed him with grief, and caused him to turn from public affairs; resigning his seat in the Senate, he sought the retirement of his farm in Ohio, where, for a time, he devoted himself to agriculture. It was not possible, however, for him to resist the call of the young State which he had adopted as his own, or to waste his days in unavailing grief. He answered its call to duty, going for the third time to the legislature (again becoming its Speaker), on its organization in January, 1810. It is an evidence of the appreciation of his fellow-citizens, that he should have been selected to preside over every official organization to which he was elected within the State.

In course of time, he brought to the home on Water Street, in Chillicothe, a fair, devoted bride, twenty years his junior. Her name was Mary Porter. She was the daughter of a family from Delaware, who had settled near Chillicothe, was of a retiring disposition, delicate in

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constitution, of gentle refinement, and rare personal beauty.

Soon after this marriage Governor Tiffin was appointed by President Madison Commissioner of the General Land Office. This appointment, wholly unsolicited, took him again to Washington. But after several years, Mr. Madison gratified Governor Tiffin's unconquerable longing for his Ohio home by ordering an exchange of office, by which he became Surveyor-General of the West, with the privilege of locating the office in Chillicothe. From this time the home on Water Street was the centre of much family happiness and hospitality. The home life of this family was governed by the simplest and most earnest religious spirit. Dr. Tiffin, a man of quick, brilliant parts, enthusiastically devoted to science, to affairs of business and of the State, was true to these characteristics in his religious faith and life.

After the Revolution a great wave of

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religious revival swept over Virginia under the Methodists. Dr. and Mrs. Tiffin were converts of this revival, and united with the Methodist church. Dr. Tiffin was ordained a lay preacher by Bishop Asbury almost immediately after his conversion, and upon his removal to Ohio he regularly performed ministerial duties among the new settlements. His catholic sentiments gave him the respect of all parties; as he had been reared in the Church of England, when the Episcopal Church in Chillicothe was without a rector, he was often called upon to read the service and a sermon from some established collection.

Mrs. Tiffin was devotedly fond of flowers and their cultivation, and her fine garden was a feature of the town. In a pleasant letter, written by an aged lady whose reminiscences come from far-away California, are the following words: "The dear, beautiful old home, just one of the most lovely places I ever saw, with the

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grounds sloping so prettily, with the hedge of altheas and lilacs along the terrace, which separated the flower garden from the vegetables. Two large cherry trees were near the house, and under some shade trees, farther down, nearer the street, were the two large beds of lily of the valley, so sweet that we could smell the perfume when the windows were open. And then dear Aunt Tiffin let me go with her when she went to the low, far part of the garden to gather the damson plums."

A hedge of damask and velvet roses extended the length of the street fence. Along the level top of this fence the Surveyor-General's daughter remembers seeing the government chains measured and rectified. The latticed porch was covered with honeysuckle and wild prairie rose, and near by was a great flourishing mass of sweetbrier, which now refuses to grow in cultivated soil, and blooms only in the wild regions of its native haunts. Back

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of the garden, extending far up High Street, was the peach orchard. When Mrs. Tiffin returned from Washington, she was careful to bring with her some choice things for her garden. She thus introduced into Chillicothe her favorite flower, the lily of the valley, and also the moss rose. Exchanges were not only carried on between the owners of these early gardens, but their treasures were freely given to those who asked for them. There was an ever-recurring demand, in that time of greater simplicity of medical treatment, for the root of the "piny" to cure fits; the leaves of the white lily for dressing blisters, and herbs for teas, with which to relieve almost every human ill. These Mrs. Tiffin gave freely, as did the Doctor his medical services to those who were unable to pay for them.

The walls of the house were once injured by being struck by lightning, and an amusing story is told in connection with that event. A Methodist preacher was

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occupying the guest room (not a rare occurrence), and when the lightning ran down that corner of the house it exploded a loaded gun standing in the corner of the room. One can imagine the terrific storm, the report of the bursting gun, and the blaze of lightning, as being sufficient to send the affrighted stranger down-stairs, pale and trembling, in the full belief that he had heard the crack of doom.

Governor Tiffin died in 1829, and Mrs. Tiffin in 1837. In 1840, two daughters of the house remained under its roof, and when one was asked in marriage, the other, looking into the manly, handsome face of her sister's suitor, gave her consent in these trusting words: "Yes, if you take me too." Together they went into a new home, and the old one passed into the hands of strangers. In a few years more both house and garden yielded to encroaching population and modern demands.

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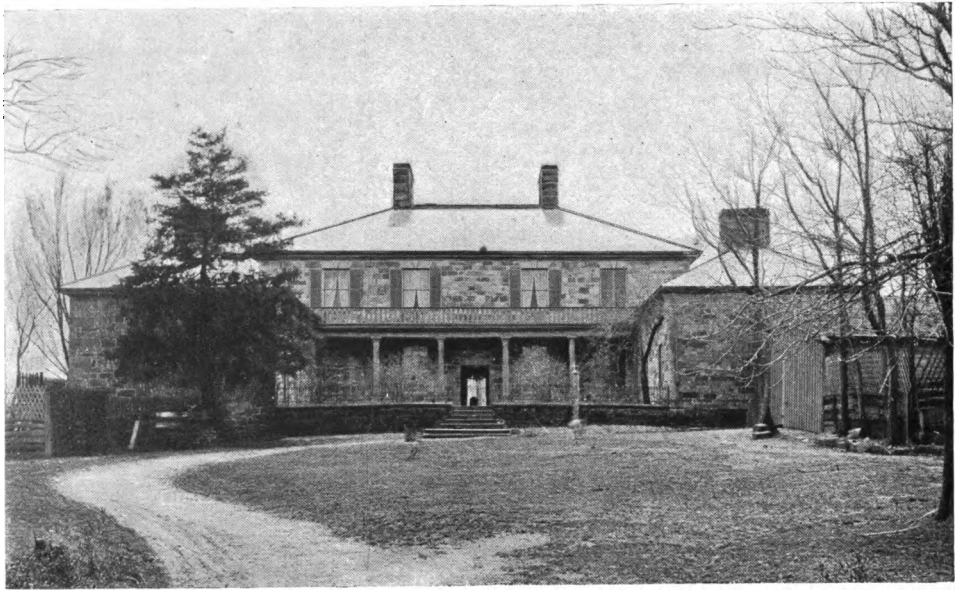

ADENA.

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THOMAS WORTHINGTON—THE PIONEER.

I.

"Let added honors now be shed
On such a noble heart and head,
And bless the day when first he came."

ONE hundred years since, Thomas Worthington, one of the earliest settlers and pioneers of Chillicothe, with a band of young men, sons of officers of the Virginia line, came to Ohio at the request of his guardian, General Darke.

By the Greenville Treaty, all lands lying between the rivers of Scioto and Little Miami, extending to the Ohio, were secured to Virginia as payment for her troops. The claims of General Darke

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were very considerable. Too infirm to locate the lands himself, and his only son having been killed at St. Clair's defeat, he desired his ward, young Mr. Worthington, to attend to this business for him. After a perilous journey through flood and wilderness, this intrepid band, in 1796, reached the rude hamlet consisting of a few huts without windows and deficient in doors, which had been named by the peaceable Indians, and a few whites, "Chillicothe."

After locating the warrants of General Darke on the plateau west of the town he returned to Virginia. In 1797, he married the wealthy and beautiful Eleanor Van Swearengen. The same year he revisited the hamlet of Chillicothe, and found it vastly enlarged and properly laid out, by order of the distinguished officer, General Nathaniel Massie, and in his honor, called "Massieville."

Early in 1798, Mr. Worthington came to Chillicothe with wife and infant daugh-

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ter, his sister Mary, and her husband Edward Tiffin, a young Englishman of high birth, refinement, and ability,—afterwards the first Governor of Ohio,—two young brothers of his wife, and others, with a little army of negroes who had been freed by my grandfather, but who were brought as servants to his new home. The luggage accompanying this cavalcade consisted partly of the pier glasses, carpets, china, silver, and furniture that afterwards adorned "Adena."

The first home of the Worthington's in Chillicothe was between Paint and Walnut Streets, but they soon went to the Adena property, and lived for several years in a rude but comfortable log cabin, until their permanent home was built.

II.

ADENA.

In 1805, the gray mansion on the hill was completed, and, at that time, it was

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considered a wonderfully grand place. Even now, few houses are so well constructed, or so commodious. The square building with wings on either side, in Italian villa style, beautifully crowns the eminence on which it is situated. About the same time, the fine old mansion of Governor McArthur was constructed, on the same level, some quarter of a mile distant. In olden time, the approach to Adena was far more picturesque than the present one. Driving along the brow of the hill, ascending gradually one plateau, after the other,—glimpses were caught through the wooded hill-sides of lovely panoramic views of river, plain, mountain, and valley beneath,—so beautiful, that Tom Marshall, Kentucky's brilliantly gifted son, rapturously exclaimed: "Had Tom Moore seen *this* valley, he would have sung of the vale of *Scioto*, not *Avoca*."

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III.

ADENA, 1805–1827.

"To this home they came, the Mecca of the West." Chillicothe was then the "Athens of the West," and Adena the "Mecca" of all distinguished people travelling through the western country, many of whom brought letters to my distinguished grandfather. Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenbach, was entertained during his short stay, at Adena, and was charmed with host and hostess, and the lovely daughters; the beautiful home, as well as Chillicothe with its hills, the bright streams of Scioto and Paint, the long, quaint, picturesque covered bridge spanning the Scioto, and the meadows beneath, made a scene of beauty that deeply impressed this genial nobleman. After returning to his home across the ocean, and meeting my young uncle, James Worthington (then travelling abroad), he welcomed him as a brother,

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exclaiming: "I have seen the beautiful Chillicothe, and the dear, dear home, and the Father and Mother." The grand scale of the preparations to entertain these princely guests, the viands, the wines, the beautiful flowers, the servants in livery and white kid gloves, who were in attendance,—all this described to me as a child by my grandmother, made, to my young mind, an Arabian Night's tale of magnificence and grandeur.

Some of the visitors who came yearly to Adena for a period, and who were cherished friends and guests, were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay, Mrs. Pope, sister of John Quincy Adams; Judge and Mrs. Todd (the sister of "pretty Dolly Madison"); and Mrs. Breckinridge and her daughter, Mrs. Grayson, afterwards wife of Peter Porter of Black Rock, near Niagara. At the charming home of the latter, my lovely mother, as Eleanor Worthington, a school girl, spent her vacations from Madam Willard's distin-

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guished seminary, and I, also, twenty years afterwards, there visited my father's friend, Col. Lewis F. Allen, whose wife was the aunt and guardian of President Grover Cleveland.

J. C. Breckinridge, when bringing home to Kentucky his fair bride, the daughter of President Smith of Princeton, N. J., spent some days at Adena. They were the parents of John C. Breckinridge, who was Vice-President of the United States previous to the War, but at its outbreak he joined the Southern Confederacy, and became an exile from his native country when that fatal war was ended.

In the course of time there came to Adena Lewis F. Cass, Governor DeWitt Clinton, Rufus King of New York, General Macomb, and United States President Monroe, whose "Doctrine" is at present stirring up the nations of the world. The quaint mahogany bedstead in which this distinguished guest slept, with its slender posts, and purple velvet canopy, is now a

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cherished heirloom in my beautiful home at Mac-a-cheek. President Monroe called my grandfather the "*Master* spirit of the age."

It is a matter worthy of note that the Indian Chief, Tecumseh, was for some time the guest of Governor Worthington; and one of the great curiosities to be found at this day in the drawing-room of Adena, is Tecumseh's tomahawk, presented to Governor Worthington on the occasion of this visit.

IV.

HIS DEATH, 1826–1827.

Thomas Worthington died in New York City, with none of his immediate family near, save Thomas, his second son, then a cadet at West Point. He was young to have accomplished so much, and to have undergone many trying ordeals, as patriot, pioneer, and statesman.

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Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to the Governor, calls him "The truest, bravest patriot, since the days of old Rome."

Martin Van Buren spoke of him as "Thomas Worthington, the illustrious founder of the Commonwealth of Ohio."

In an oration, Salmon P. Chase said: "He was the father of internal improvements, of the Great National Road, and of the Erie Canal."

In 1826, Rufus King, the eminent statesman, had just returned from his second embassy to the Court of St. James, and lay dying in his home in New York City. Governor Worthington was also very ill at his hotel in the same city, but their conditions were unknown to each other. Mr. King, calling to his bedside his favorite daughter-in-law, Sarah Worthington, wife of his son Edward, said: "I wish to send a message to your honored father, before he leaves us. Say to him, I love and esteem him as ever. I can never forget the noble sacrifices of his

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patriotism. No other man could do what he has done for Ohio."

A little research in the archives will show his good works, and the great seal of the State of Ohio, in constant use, evinces the master-mind who designed it.

V.

I well remember Adena, the home of my widowed grandmother, as it was fifty years ago. It was then, externally, in its prime. The fine orchards lying in the rear, and on two sides of the mansion—the terraced gardens reaching to the grove, the pleasure grounds,—all so well kept. Never were there such peaches, apricots, nectarines, cherries, plums, and apples! And the lovely flowers that grew so luxuriantly in those terraced gardens! I remember as a lonely, romantic child, how often I would go up and down the many flights of stone steps leading to those terraces of bloom and beauty. The trim

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green hedges, tall willow trees, and Lombardy poplars have perished ; the orchards have gone to decay ! The house itself is little changed externally, and the interior has been well preserved by Mrs. Martha Worthington, widow of General Worthington, and sister of General A. S. Piatt and the late Don Piatt. Though not to the "manor born," she idolizes and fondly cares for the old mansion on the hill.

ELEANOR VAN SWEARENGEN, WIFE AND WIDOW OF THOMAS WORTHINGTON.

1827–1848.

"An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night."
—WORDSWORTH.

Chillicothe has reason to bless the name of Eleanor Worthington,—one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church, and one of its liberal supporters for many years. At her death, she bequeathed the

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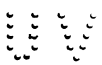
church the property on Fourth Street for a parsonage. Her excellent administration of the vast estates of her husband that seemed hopelessly involved, gave each of her ten children a handsome competence.

"A voice speaks to my heart to-night of long forgotten years."

The greatest enjoyment of my childhood was staying "all night at Grandmother's," and sleeping in a little cot beside her bed—an honor accorded none but "little Eleanor, my namesake." How often, lying awake, I watched with loving, but curious eyes, the dear old grandmother as she sat before the bright open wood fire, with the polished brass andirons reflecting many a glint of firelight. She would sit on a low chair, à la Betsy Trotwood, with her skirts turned over her knees, smoking, as a fancied relief from asthma, a horrid mixture that made me weep, and made the dear grandmother



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cough and choke. How many hours it seemed to me, while lying in my little bed, that she sat there silent, almost motionless,—her thoughts far away on the loved ones out in the world—still in the battle of life! Or, more often, thinking of those whose voices would never again thrill her heart with their loved tones. How beautiful she was at seventy! Though the bloom of youth had faded from her pale cheeks, and the features had lost their sculptural lines, yet the bands of white hair shaded the loveliest gray eyes, so bright! The mouth was sweet, but firm. Upon her pale face rested an expression of sorrow, denoting trials met and surmounted.

Still more vivid in my recollection are the accounts she gave me of the past glories of Adena, as the elegant style of my grandfather's *régime* was of course abandoned at his decease. I was a good listener, and was what is called now, *sympathetic.*

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One night when December's snow was lying soft and thick around the dear old home, and the winds were whispering at every keyhole and rattling every window and sash, I lay restless and wakeful. At last dear grandmother said: "Get up child, and come to me. You are wakeful, and I will tell you another story of the past. Once, long ago, when your mamma was a little child, like you, and your dear grandfather was far away attending to his country's affairs, a gentleman who was high in authority came to Adena uninvited and unexpected. His name is nothing to you now. Hereafter you will hear him spoken of as one hated by many, condemned by a few, and warmly loved by those most intimate with him—Aaron Burr of New York,—a great man, but even then, they said his mind was full of schemes to destroy our fair Republic. If so, he failed. Misfortune attended him. Death took his only child, all that he loved. In darkness, poverty, and shame,

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his career closed. But good or bad, whatever were his motives in coming to Adena, I cannot tell. My husband was absent, and knew naught of his schemes nor of the visit till long afterwards; but this I can say, he was the gentlest, most polished man I every saw, and so fond of flowers. To his kindness I am indebted for the moss-roses, the yellow jessamine, and sweet honeysuckle you are so fond of gathering."

VI.

CLOSING SCENES.

One very unhealthy summer, when I was but eight years old, I was ailing. My grandmother also needed rest and change. In her own carriage, driven by William Glassingale (a negro well remembered in Chillicothe thirty years ago), we went to the far-famed White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier Co., Virginia.

One evening after our arrival, as we

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were sitting on the porch of our little cottage, the great Henry Clay and his wife called upon my grandmother. Taking me on his knee, he made me very vain by saying: "This fair child will soon recover in this health-giving region. Such a pretty little girl ought to be a well little girl." Smoothing my tangled curls and kissing my brow, he held me for a moment, till I thoughtfully slipped down and away. My grandmother's homily on this occasion, was so true of her ideas and peculiar thoughts, that I repeat them here. "Yes, Eleanor *is* a fair child, and will doubtless be a fairer woman. Beauty is a gift from God, and one should be careful how they use it. With it, half the battle of life for a woman is gained; but the gift misused, brings the greatest misery."

The grand statesman agreed with her, but flippantly remarked, "that an ugly woman was a monstrosity as great as a double-headed ape." The exclamations of his wife and of my grandmother were both

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loud and vociferous. Childlike I gazed upon him and wondered what he could possibly think of himself, ugly man as I thought him then.

"I dread no more the wrath of Heaven;
I have an angel there."

. . . . . .

"Vain our bitter weeping, her gentle life is o'er."

. . . . . .

My first grief and irreparable loss was the death of this precious grandmother. She died at a grand old age, seventy-one, after many years of good works, loved and honored by all. Long years, and many, was she mourned by the charming coterie of brilliant ladies, who had been associated with her in every good act,—in church, charity, and society. These noble women, so well remembered, have all gone to their high reward. Mesdames Carlisle, McCoy, Waddle, Walke, McArthur, Carson, Fullerton, and others, all shining lights in the history of Chil-

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licothe, they have left their stamp upon it. Their memory can never die! They have left descendants, who were, and are, in every succeeding generation, the best of citizens, foremost in all that has made Chillicothe what it is, and so have kept it, the most prosperous, the highest toned in morals and manners, and the wealthiest, most beautiful inland town in the West.

I cannot close this imperfect tribute to my grandparents without a word of my own life, as a young lady in Chillicothe, when its society was of the most brilliant. The ladies, married and single, seemed to me the highest and best, like beings of a better world, and the gentlemen gifted, courteous, and gallant; and life was so happy for me, that now, a saddened woman, with nearly all the loved links broken that held me to the joyous past, I turn with streaming eyes to dear Chillicothe, and bless the noble hearts that made my life one dream of delight. When I am dying, may its scenes of earthly

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beauty be the last my fading eyes may see.

"The night is gone;
And with the morn those angels faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile;
Lead Thou me on."

Governor Worthington left a family of sons and daughters, all of whom made an impress upon the period in which they lived. Mary the oldest daughter, married General McComb.

Sarah Ann, who was widely known and beloved for her many acts of charity and benevolence, married Edward King, son of the Hon. Rufus King of New York. She left two sons—Hon. Rufus King of Cincinnati, and Thomas King of Columbus. She was afterwards married to William Peter, Esq., of Harlyn, England, her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Philadelphia. She became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and was one of the

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most devout adherents to her new religious tenets. She was a frequent visitor to Europe, was an intimate friend of Pope Pius IX., attended the great Ecumenical Council at Rome, and it is said the Pope frequently alluded to her as "His Little Cardinal from America." She died in Cincinnati in 1877.

Eleanor, like her sister, Mrs. Peter, was known for her many charities, and will long be remembered by the older residents. She married Dr. Arthur Watts, a wealthy landowner of Chillicothe. Their only living child is Eleanor, wife of General Saunders H. Piatt of the Mac-a-cheek Valley. She will be remembered in her younger days, as a belle of Southern Ohio, widely known for her beauty and grace of manner. Margaret, who for so many years, was the only daughter left to aid her mother in dispensing the hospitalities of Adena, married Professor Mansfield; she is still held in the most affectionate remembrance by all who knew her. Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, married

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Mr. Pomeroy. James Taylor Worthington, the eldest son, at the age of sixteen became a cadet at West Point, but after a short stay gave way to his brother Thomas, who distinguished himself in the late Civil War, especially at the Battle of Shiloh. William died while still a young man. Frank married Jane Tayloe Lomax.

General James T. Worthington was an honored citizen of Chillicothe. When barely of age, he visited Europe, travelling on foot over England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the Continent. His striking resemblance to the great Napoleon caused incessant remark, and in Paris this was so noted that, at times, crowds would follow him to the point that became embarrassing and annoying. He died at Adena, the house in which he was born. "I never knew a more just man. I never knew one whose force of character and infirmities of temper, were so under the control of his loving heart." He married Julia Galloway, of Xenia, who died in 1856, leaving a

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family of six children—Mary, James, Thomas, Eleanor, Julia, and Richard. The last two are still living.

He afterwards married Martha J. Piatt, the present mistress of Adena. She, too, comes of a long line of ancestry; her father was Hon. Benjamin Piatt, a distinguished lawyer and judge, and her grandfather served on Washington's staff. At the age of sixteen, she married the Hon. Nathaniel C. Reed, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State; and after his death, married James Worthington. It has always been her pride and constant effort to retain for Adena the prestige of its reputation and history. The beautiful Lake "Ellensmere," at the foot of the winding hill-road that leads to the mansion, was named by General Worthington in honor of his mother. For many years to come, the old home will be a spot of much interest to the general traveller, and to lovers of ancient sites and reminiscences, and of enduring local pride to Chillicothe.

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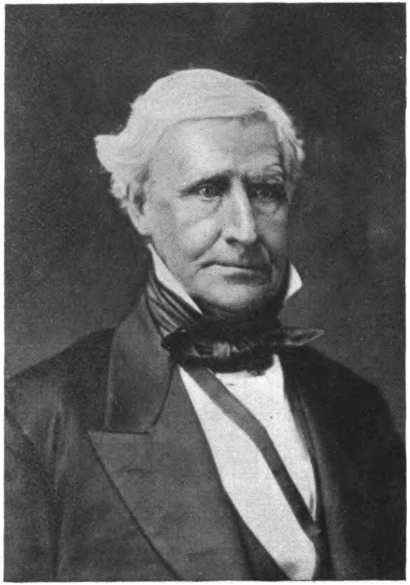
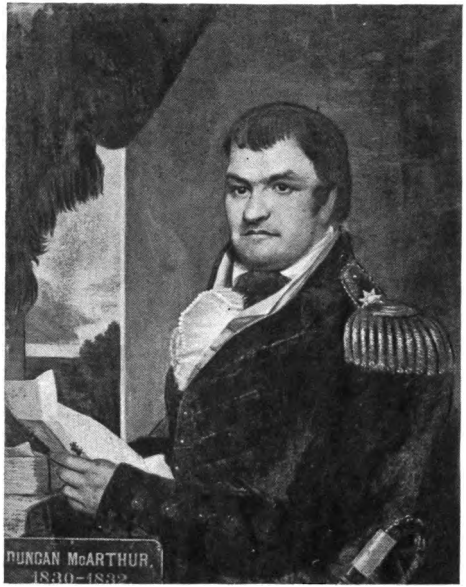


GOVERNOR WILLIAM ALLEN.



GOVERNOR DUNCAN McARTHUR.

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DUNCAN McARTHUR.

AMONG others of that hardy band of hunters, surveyors, and settlers, who accompanied General Nathaniel Massie from their Kentucky homes to the Scioto Valley in the Spring of 1796, for the purpose of locating and laying out the town of Chillicothe, was Duncan McArthur. He was then a young man twenty-four years of age, strong, athletic, and accustomed to the most trying privations and hardships of an Indian scout and hunter, in which dangerous occupation he had been engaged for several years previous to starting upon this expedition.

Duncan McArthur was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., in the year 1776; and

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while he was still a child, his family moved to Western Pennsylvania. Little is it to be wondered, that he soon left this unpromising home in the Pennsylvania mountains, for the rich valleys of the Northwest Territory.

Upon arriving there, he was employed by General Massie as an assistant surveyor in laying out the town of Chillicothe, and in locating surveys in the surrounding country; and as part compensation for a year's services, he received his first piece of real estate—the foundation of the fortune he afterwards acquired. This land was a tract of one hundred and fifty acres situated about two miles west of the town, and commanding a fine view of the beautiful valley and surrounding country. Here he erected a log cabin, and took up his residence, naming the place Fruit Hill, which name it still bears. The last memento of this first residence of Duncan McArthur, is a large cottonwood tree, which was planted by Mrs.

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McArthur in her garden, the shoot being a riding switch, brought from Kentucky by William McDonald, on one of his visits to the McArthurs. To this farm other large tracts of land were soon added; and early in the nineteenth century, a large stone house was erected, probably the first of its size in this part of the country. Its three-foot walls still stand as solid as the day they were raised, although twice have different parts of it been partially destroyed by fire. In this house have lived, during the last century, five generations of the McArthur family. Here General McArthur raised a large family, and lived the remainder of his life, except at times when engaged in military and state affairs; even then, Mrs. McArthur and the family remained at home in charge of his numerous business affairs, she having complete control not only of domestic, but also of business matters. And from the letters he almost daily wrote to her while he was with the army,

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from Washington while in Congress, and while Governor, he seemed to have great confidence in her business ability and judgment. For in these letters he speaks not only of all public events occurring around him, but goes into the details of their domestic life and business; and in many instances, after advising the renting or purchase or sale of a certain farm, or the sale of stock and grain, he leaves the matter to her best judgment.

In one of these letters, dated Camp Meigs, September 13, 1812, he quotes from a letter to him from General Harrison, saying, "We have just gained a glorious Naval Victory. Perry lies at one of the islands with the whole of the British Fleet in his possession."

A number of letters were received from him while in Albany attending the court-martial of General Hull, in which he describes the incidents of the trial; and in some of them, he seems very bitter towards Hull; this is very natural, as he

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was under Hull's command at the time of his surrender, but being out of the town with his regiment, did not take part in the defence, and returned only in time to surrender to the British without having fired a gun. On this occasion, it is said, that rather than surrender his sword to an English officer, he thrust it into the ground, and snapped it to pieces.

In Duncan McArthur we find the typical American of his time, a self-made man, who had undoubted strength of character, who was decided in his opinion, shrewd and quick in business, but withal, generous and kind at heart. Especially do his letters indicate his loyalty to his friends, and for his family, the most tender solicitude of a kind and indulgent husband and father. In the handwriting of these many letters, may be traced the progress of his life, from the almost illegible hand of the young surveyor, to the well-shaded and smoothly composed letters of the General and the Governor. And again

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may be traced the declining years of his life, as his hand grows more and more uncertain, until at last he can no longer write his own name, and his secretary signs for him.

Fruit Hill was for many years the scene of the most lavish hospitality, being presided over by Mrs. McArthur and her charming daughters—Margaret, who married Mr. Kerchevel; Effie, the wife of William Allen; Eliza, who became Mrs. Anderson; and Mary, who married Dr. Cary A. Trimble.

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FRUIT HILL.

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WILLIAM ALLEN.

IN January, 1819, William Allen came to Chillicothe from Lynchburg, Va., to join his sister, Mrs. Thurman, who had preceded him but a few months.

After completing a course at the "Old Academy," he immediately began the study of law with Mr. Edward King, and made his first argument in court in defence of himself, James T. Worthington, and Allen McArthur, who had all been arrested on complaint of an Elder of the Methodist Church for standing at the ladies' entrance, after church, while waiting for the young ladies they had taken there.

The next evening, as he was leaving home, some one came to tell him that a

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mob of young men were about to blow up the Elder's house. Upon learning this, he ran to the house on Water Street, where he found the cannon loaded and primed. They were in the act of setting it off, when he jumped upon it, and placing his foot upon the priming prevented its being lighted, and in that way protected his enemy from his friends. Soon after this he was elected Captain of the "Chillicothe Blues," the first company of militia in Chillicothe, and marched with them to the Licking summit, to attend the grand celebration at the opening of the Erie Canal. The ceremonies were opened by De Witt Clinton, then Governor of New York, who threw the first shovelful of earth from the canal.

About this time, when he had barely reached manhood, at a camp-meeting in a grove near Fruit Hill, he was asked by Allen McArthur to go with him to speak to his mother. They went to the carriage, where young McArthur presented Wm.

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Allen to his mother and sister. From that day on through his long and eventful life, the name of Effie McArthur seemed graven on his heart.

General McArthur opposed him as a suitor for his daughter's hand, as he did all others. William did not give up his suit, however. He studied hard, worked diligently at his profession, and determined to win such honors for himself that his name might stand side by side, in the annals of the country, with that of the man who had refused him the hand of his daughter. It was not long before he began to realize something of his ambition. He was only twenty-five when he received the nomination as Democratic candidate for Congress from this district, Governor McArthur being his opponent on the Whig ticket. The young Democratic candidate made a hard fight, canvassed every voting precinct in the district, meeting in debate some of the most noted speakers in the State.

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Shortly before the election he had been challenged to meet Thomas Ewing in debate at Frankfort. He had been detained in some of the southern counties of the district. Heavy rains had swollen the Scioto River far over its banks. When he reached the ferry, which he expected to carry him over, it was late in the night, and the ferryboat had been swept away by the flood. He called the old ferryman out and told him to hold his lantern so that the light would fall across the water in the direction of the landing on the other side. The ferryman protested, but the young man repeated the order, in his emphatic way, and dashed into the swollen river. It was a severe test of the nerve of both horse and rider, but after a long struggle with surging torrent, they reached the other side in safety. Continuing on his way through a drenching rain, he reached his destination in time to attend the meeting.

He was elected to Congress, over Gen-

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eral McArthur, by one vote; that vote he considered McArthur's, as they had agreed to vote for each other. Two years later he was elected to the United States Senate, which kept him away from home for fourteen years.

In the meantime, Effie McArthur was married to Dr. Coons, of Alabama, who lived but a short time. Several years after the death of Governor McArthur, his daughter having reached an age when she felt competent to decide important questions for herself, gave her heart and hand to the man who had been faithful to her for so many years. But their happiness was destined to be short. In two years, the wife to whom he was devoted, was stricken with pneumonia, and died after a week's illness. After her death he retired to Fruit Hill, with their infant daughter and his stepson, Duncan, where he lived almost in solitude for many years, allowing no political honors to tempt him from his retirement.

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When President James Buchanan asked him to accept the position of Minister to the Court of St. James, he declined, saying that nothing should tempt him into the world again. However, in August, 1873, when, after receiving many telegrams from delegates to the State Convention, then in session at Columbus, he finally received one from his nephew, Allen G. Thurman, saying, "Uncle, for my sake, and for the sake of the party, accept," he yielded, accepted the nomination, and was elected Governor. At the close of his administration, he again retired to Fruit Hill, where he remained in private life until his death.

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PRESENTATION OF SWORD TO COLONEL CROGHAN.

ON the 13th of August, 1813, the ladies of Chillicothe presented Colonel Croghan with a sword, together with the following address:

"SIR,—In consequence of the gallant defence which, under the influence of Divine Providence, was effected by you and the troops under your command at Fort Stephenson, at lower Sandusky, on the evening of the 2d inst., the ladies of Chillicothe undersigned are impressed with a high sense of your merit as a soldier and a gentleman, and with great confidence in your patriotism and valor present you with a sword.

"Mary Finley, Mary Sterrett, Ann

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Creighton, Eliza Creighton, Eleanor Lamb, Nancy Waddle, Eliza Carlisle, Mary A. Southard, Susan D. Wheaton, Ruhama Irwin, Judith McLandburgh, Margaret McLandburgh, Margaret Miller, Elizabeth Martin, Nancy McArthur, Jane McCoy, Lavinia Fulton, Martha Scott, Eleanor Worthington, Catherine Fullerton, Rebecca M. Orr, Susan Walke, Ann M. Dunn, Margaret Keys, Charlotte James, Esther Doolittle, Eleanor Buchanen, Margaret McFarland, Deborah Ferree, Jane M. Evans, Frances Brush, Mary Curtis, Mary P. Brown, Jane Heylan, Nancy Kerr, Catherine Hough, Sallie McLean."

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"THE REST IS SILENCE."

A SONNET.

Written upon the Centennial Anniversary of Chillicothe, Ohio, April 1, 1896.

SCIOTO flows along its placid course
As when long since Tecumseh trod its shore,
Or burned his signal fires to herald war,
Adown the valley from the river's source;
One hundred years have passed away since then
And on the maize-grown lowlands, forest-shorn,
The city fattens, in its age re-born,
While they whom stalwart Massie and his men
Deposed, forgotten are; their vanished ranks
Of hostile Shawanese and Wyandot
Have left no trace where oak and beech up-rear,
On Logan's Mount, or by Yoctangy's banks.
The town endures, through fire and plague and plot,
"The rest is silence," in this hundreth year.

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THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

IN the summer of 1797, William Speer, a young Presbyterian minister, left his home in Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania, and started on an exploring tour into the Northwest Territory, then almost an unbroken wilderness. Travelling on horseback, he came at length to Chillicothe, at that time just a year old.

During that summer he organized a church; they had no "Meeting House" in the village, nor were they able to build one, so a half-finished log cabin, standing near the corner of Short Water and Bridge Streets, was secured. There was no floor laid, and they were unable to procure material for one, but in their anxiety for

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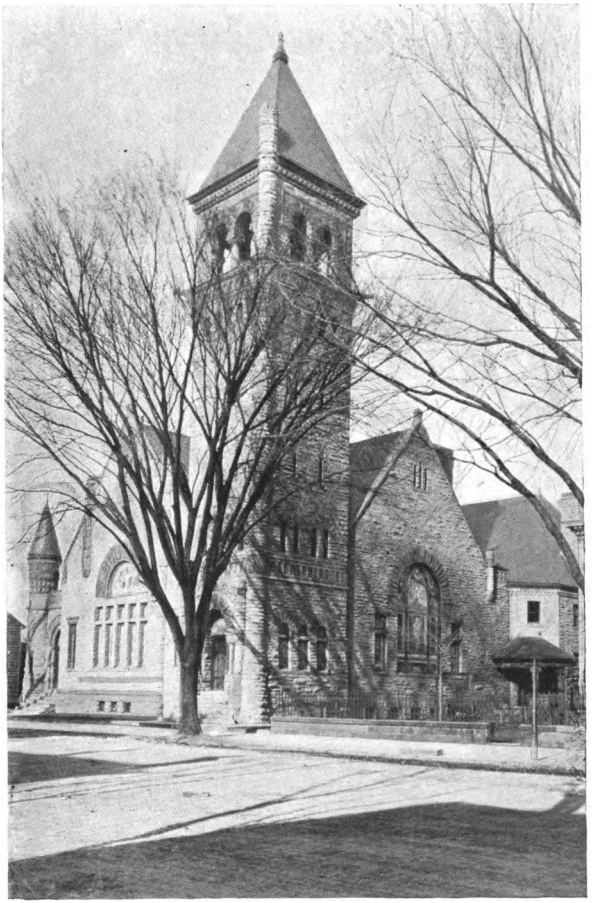

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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a church, they took it as it was, and used the sleepers for seats. After Mr. Speer's resignation, and for some time during Dr. Wilson's pastorate, the congregation worshipped in the old State House, but in *A Tour through the West*, by Mr. F. Cumming, we find an account of his visit to Chillicothe in 1807.

Speaking of the Court House, he says: "It is an ornament to the town as is the small plain belfry on the Presbyterian Meeting House, a handsome brick building on Second Street."

The present congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, seated in luxurious pews, surrounded by beautiful memorial windows, and listening to the mellifluous tones of the organ, can scarcely realize the simplicity of the earlier places of worship of the pioneers of the church; but a few can easily recall the old church, which was located at the present site of the Chillicothe Foundry, on the south side of Second Street, just east of the canal. It

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was a two-story brick building, with double doors on the north, east, and west, and a gallery running entirely around those sides, the front seats of which, on the north, were occupied by the choir. It was paved with red brick, fashioned in large squares, something like the tiling of the present day; the pews were as uncomfortable as any one could wish, the backs running perpendicularly up, the top catching an ordinary sized person about the nape of the neck, while the lambs of the flock were completely hidden from view, and their presence could only be conjectured by a suppressed sneeze, or by the occasional dropping of a marble.

The heating apparatus consisted of three ten-plate stoves, and it was a sight to see the old colored sexton, Harry Anderson, moving from one to the other with his hook to pull the coals forward, preparatory to firing up with the cordwood used in those days. His appearance was even more dignified than that of the min-

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ister, and he seemed to feel the full weight of the responsibility resting on him. Foot stoves were in common use, and those who had them employed him to fill them with hot coals, and place them in their pews before service began. The large stoves informed us where they were made, and bore the inscription, "James and McArthur, Buckhorn Furnace."

The pulpit was on the south side of the church, and was simply a box built on the wall, with steps leading up on the side, and directly under it was a smaller one for the clerk.

Probably the greatest ornaments of the church were the chandeliers; they were large round blocks of wood suspended from the ceiling after the manner of the swinging lamp of to-day, in which were inserted small curved pieces, about two feet long, with a receptacle for a tallow candle at the end of each. These blocks were painted white, and suggested the idea of a swan or a goose, with half a

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dozen necks springing from different points of its body. It was the duty of the sexton to snuff these candles at proper intervals; and it was always done in the most reverential manner. The choir occupied the gallery facing the pulpit, and there the belles and beaux of the church would meet to cast loving glances, whisper sweet nothings, and sing the good old tunes from *Mason's Sacred Harp*. One of the leaders of the choir was Mr. Cary A. Lee, a partner in the dry goods house of McCoy & Lee, a native of Virginia and a handsome, interesting man. Mr. S. B. Duffield was another leader, and Mr. Angus Lewis Fullerton for several years led the singing. Miss Margaret Worthington, afterwards Mrs. E. D. Mansfield, and Miss Elizabeth Dun, who married Benjamin Douglas of New York, are the two most prominent lady singers that I remember,—though there were many others who gave valuable assistance. There was no organ to assist them, but

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they made good music, and the memory of *Old Hundred* and *Coronation*, as they filled the old church in those days, brings with it the faces of many who have long since joined in the songs of the angels.

The first pastor, Mr. Speer, was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Robert G. Wilson, who was revered as few men ever are. Rev. William Graham was the next pastor. Probably the first minister those now living will remember, was the Rev. Hugh S. Fullerton, and the insufficiency of words is felt in speaking of this good man; his kind, benevolent look and gentle manners showed him to be a true follower of his Master, and his whole life proved him a consistent Christian. Unlike a great many ministers, he had no terrors for the young, and when the boys of the church were disposed to be unruly, a single word, even a look, given in the mild manner he always possessed, never failed in its effect.

The Rev. Thomas Woodrow succeeded

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him; he was a very scholarly man, and it was during his pastorate that the church removed to its new edifice on Main Street. The church was always filled with a goodly number of worshippers, many of whom were our most prominent and influential citizens. Among them were Mr. George Renick, who, although an old man, always came on horseback from his home on the hill; Mr. James Miller, whose wife was indeed one of the Mothers in Israel; Mr. Wm. Miller, Mr. Henry S. Lewis, for many years treasurer of the county; Mr. Ebenezer Tuttle, the McCoys, Fullertons, Carlisles, Waddles, Duns, Dr. Winship's family, Mr. Wm. Creighton, Sr., Thomas Jacob, Richard K. Massie, Francis and James P. Campbell, Josiah L. Hearne, Miss Virginia Hays, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Fultz, Mrs. Doland, Mrs. Watson, the Misses Bartlett, the Lunbecks, Reids, Silveys, Jos. Jones and family, the Worthingtons, Wm. H. Douglas, the Gibsons and Chestnuts (from Huntington township),

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Mrs. Tarlton, Mrs. Hoffman, Thomas McDougall, Ebenezer White, Mrs. David Collins, Mrs. Nancy Allston, Mrs. Cryder, Mrs. Bourne, Jas. McLean, Robert Stillwell, John Hamill, John Flintham, John McFarland, Joseph Sill, Mrs. Webb, Mr. Ross, and Robert Stewart. The elders remembered are: John McLean, Anthony Walke, Dr. David Wills, Lawrence S. McClure, old father Haynes, and Samuel Patton; perhaps Mr. Thomas Carothers and Mr. Franklin were elders in the old church,—I know they were in the new.

There was one meeting of Synod in that church, in which the merits of old and new school theology were discussed, and which resulted in about twenty of the members going off to form the New School Church.

This infant Church invited the Rev. George Beecher, of Rochester, to become their pastor, and greatly to their own surprise he accepted. Being a man of great

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energy and throwing himself heartily into his work, Mr. Beecher soon built up the Church, being himself pastor, singing-school teacher, and leader of the choir. For some time services were held in the Seminary, until the church on the corner of Paint and Fifth Streets was built. Mr. Beecher, also, built for himself a handsome house, surrounded by a beautiful garden, filled with fine fruit and lovely flowers. It was in defending his fruit from the ravages of the birds that Mr. Beecher was killed, by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

For some years the Church flourished, though it never reached the prosperity it enjoyed during Mr. Beecher's pastorate, and after having had several ministers, the Rev. Messrs. Swift, Howe, Stone, Mills, Wm. Beecher, and others, was finally merged in the First Church.

The Sunday-School was then, as now, a prominent feature of the Church, and memory recalls with pleasure the names

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and faces of the pretty young ladies who instructed the children in the right way.

John McLean, one of the Elders, was auditor of the county for many years, and lived where Judge Safford's residence now is, with an office in the public building, which stood then on the corner of the Court House square, in which were also the Clerk's and Recorder's offices on the first floor. The Auditor's and Clerk's offices were connected by a door, and it was there the prayer meetings of the Church were held. The attendance was usually very light, and it seemed very appropriate to remind the Lord, as they always did, of his promise to the two or three gathered in His name. One boy, who was generally of the "two or three," is sorry now that it was often against his will, for it should have been a pleasure to attend his pious mother, if for nothing else than to carry the lantern which guided her through the dark streets.

The great social feature of the Church

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was the "Sewing Society"; the present devices for raising Church money had not been developed, and the ladies knew no way but with their needles to make articles for sale. They met at stated times in the home of some lady, by invitation, and spent the afternoon in sewing and talking until dark; they were then served to an excellent supper, to which the gentlemen were invited, and the evening was spent in conversation; it was then an enjoyable occasion for old and young. There was usually a sale of left-over articles in strawberry time, and thus the treasury was repleted. There were few organizations, though the ladies were interested in distributing the Bible in connection with "The Bible Society."

Richard Massie also organized a Sunday-School in the west end, in which work he was assisted by Judge McCoy, Joshua Sill, and others of our younger members.

The seats in the old church, nearest the wall, on the north, east, and west

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sides, were raised a step, and were known as "the high seats." The services, to one of the present day, would seem of extraordinary length, but our fathers made no complaint even over the longest prayers, and sermons of an hour and a half. It is related of Dr. Wilson that his marriage service was so long that the bridal party had to be accommodated with seats, and during service on Sunday, it was usual for those in the congregation who were weary to rise and stand a while, to relieve the strain of sitting so long.

A Mrs. McCauley, who never altered the style of her dress during the change of fashion, was a notable figure, as she always wore an immense bonnet. Mr. John Carlisle never changed the style of wearing his hair, and the older people will recall his appearance, when Dr. Wilson, of Cincinnati, preached, as he sat at the head of his family, with hair brushed back and formed into the old-fashioned queue, eagerly following the discourse,

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and occasionally nodding his approval of his favorite minister.

The venerable colored man, Uncle Billy Daily, and his wife, who always looked so neat and clean, must not be forgotten. They were regular communicants in the Church, and, with the sexton and his wife, and James Hill and his wife, comprised the colored membership of the Church.

It seems only appropriate to mention Mrs. Baldwin last, as she was always the last one at church. After the prayer and singing were over, and the minister fairly in his discourse, the door would open, and Mrs. Baldwin would sail in, attracting the attention of the whole congregation. I hardly think that was her object, but she was of the slow kind, and doubtless lingered longer over her toilet than she was aware of,—at least she always gave evidence that these toilet duties had never been neglected. She was the widow of Michael Baldwin, a lawyer, who was speaker of

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the first Ohio house of representatives, and in his day a prominent man in public affairs. She was past middle age, but possessed the taste for dress of a younger woman, and having a small competence was able to gratify it in the most extravagant style; her silk dresses were of the brightest colors; her hats were adorned with the heaviest plumes; her gold watch with heavy neckchain was conspicuously displayed, while the diamond rings on her fingers sparkled most brilliantly, as she tapped her golden snuff-box. Her whole appearance was so different from that of the more modest style in which the ladies of that day were accustomed to dress, that it could not fail to attract attention. She was afterward married (in the church) to a man named Stewart. She had her vanities, it is true, but was a good woman at heart.

At length time brought us into our new church, which seemed to us perfect in every detail, and we were a happy people.

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We had a succession of pastors,—the Rev. Mr. Carson, Dr. Anderson, and Dr. Stanton. It was during the pastorate of the latter, that the subject of an organ came up; most of the people favored the idea, though the more orthodox feared it was not Presbyterian; however, when the organ was put up and paid for, nothing more was said.

We came next into the long term (more than a quarter of a century,) of the Rev. Dr. Biggs, which, with the two short pastorates of Rev. Mr. McWilliams and Dr. Fishburn, brings us to the present incumbent, the Rev. William C. Stinson.

The old times, the old Church, have gone, and of the old members who once gathered in her walls, there is left—*not one!* But although their epitaphs have long been written, their strong character, their deep piety, and self sacrificing devotion, have lived after them, and have given to their descendants the prosperity they now enjoy.

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A GLIMPSE OF YESTERDAY.

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SOCIETY IN THE EARLY DAYS.

THE society of Chillicothe at an early day was composed of a few families whose position, education, and leisure, gave them opportunities for social enjoyment, not often found in a new country just rescued from the wilderness. Social meetings were participated in by old and young alike. Mrs. Creighton whose sprightly enjoyment of social entertainments seemed never to tire, with Mrs. Swearengen, Mrs. Walke, Mrs. McCoy, Mrs. Waddle, Mrs. James, Mrs. Woodbridge, Mrs. Fullerton, and Mrs. Bond were always present to give tone and character to all gaities. The young ladies born and reared in Chillicothe in the earlier days of its life, were Mary Worth-

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ington, afterwards Mrs. McComb; Sarah Worthington, afterwards Mrs. Edward King, and later, Mrs. Peter; Miss Frances McArthur, afterwards Mrs. Kercheval, and Mary Sterrett later Mrs. Wallace of Kentucky. In the next gay coterie of lovely girls were Sarah Creighton, dainty, dignified, and sensitive, who now, when I look back, always brings to mind that line of Pope's, "Die of a Rose in aromatic pain," and Susan, good, lovely, and adored by us children; their cousins, Evelyn Byrd, a lively girl of strong convictions and good sense, Nancy Massie, to my mind the greatest beauty of them all, and Ann James. Before these last came Mary Tiffin, the daughter of Joseph Tiffin, a handsome intelligent girl who married William Y. Gilmore; Effie McArthur who first married Dr. Coons of the South, and many years later, William Allen; Eleanor and Margaret Worthington; Mary Evans and Elizabeth Waddle were taken in their first

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bloom, by Death; Elizabeth McCoy, now Mrs. Foulke; Mary Porter Tiffin married in her sixteenth year to Joseph Reynolds of Urbana; Margaret Fullerton, and, perhaps, some others who have escaped my memory. Then came families with sisters and daughters innumerable, but they were not natives of Chillicothe. The ladies always had their work-baskets and worked at their embroidery or light sewing, while entertaining their gentlemen callers.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to tell of the *menus* at these entertainments. First as to dinners. The *pièce de résistance* was always a saddle of venison, or of mutton, or a roast of beef, or a turkey according to the season. At the ladies' end of the table was always a ham. The side dishes were game, if possible, chicken, or calf's-head. There were always four dishes of meat and four vegetables not including slaw or lettuce; always jelly and pickles. Then came puddings or pies,

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custards or some sweet dish, and there was always wine.

For teas, a large tray with tea, coffee, sugar, and cream, was handed round to the guests; previously all were provided with plates. Then followed another tray with ham, tongue, chipped beef or cold breast of fowl nicely sliced, and thin bread and butter, biscuits or rolls, buttered, small cakes and cheese. This tray always came round twice. Preserves and cream with large cakes followed, pound cake and fruit cake being always among the number. Raisins, almonds, and wine were usually served last of all.

I must here mention a very important and indispensable colored man, Morris O'Free, who prepared and served all these delicious eatables. At weddings especially, were his services required. At large companies he came to the house, baked the cakes, and prepared everything ready for serving; then, with an assistant (usually Nelson Pyles) he performed that duty also.

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What Chillicothe child does not remember Jim Richards, the barber, who on military parades beat the drum and shook his head adorned with the drum major's hat and plume? He stood foremost in our childish eyes, even above Captain Tarlton, who rode so majestically at the head of his light dragoons. Most of the settlers from Virginia brought slaves with them, as they could not leave them free there. Here, of course, they were free, but they clung to the families who brought them, and served with pride their former owners, knowing full well that they would always be taken care of.

Susan Creighton Williams when visiting Chillicothe about five years ago, in speaking of the early intimacies of our families, related some incidents of her youth. One was as follows: One day she had made a Kentucky pie and upon going into the dining room to put it on the sideboard she found her father engaged in a business conversation with a

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young gentleman, who, on her entrance, rose to leave, but Mr. Creighton with his characteristic hospitality, invited him to stay and dine with them, which invitation he accepted. He was much pleased with both the lady and the pie, and said to himself, "That 's the girl for me." This gentleman was Jesse Williams, brother of Hon. Micaja Williams. At that time, he was an engineer on the Ohio Canal; and, though reared in the Friends' or Quaker faith, he was brought into the Presbyterian Church during the revival under Mr. Graham, and became a most devoted member of that denomination.

In 1831, Susan M. Creighton and Jesse L. Williams were married, and soon after removed to Indiana, Mr. Williams having been appointed to the superintendency of the public works of the State of Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterrett lived on the hillside between Main and Second Streets, the property now owned by the Wisslers. The grounds immediately around the

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house, though not large, were beautified by lovely roses and choice shrubbery. In front of the house a large meadow extended to High Street, and took in the large elm tree near the corner of Second Street. Mrs. Sterrett was a sister of Mr. Creighton. Their oldest daughter married Mr. Wallace of Covington, Kentucky. Their two daughters, Mary and Helen, attended Miss Baskerville's school. Mary Wallace married John Shillito of Cincinnati. Julia and Lucinda Sterrett were married on the same evening ; Julia to Bela Latham of Columbus, and Lucinda to General Murphy, an able and eloquent lawyer of Chillicothe. Miss Baskerville boarded in Mr. Sterrett's family when she came to Chillicothe.

Judge Leven Belt was the first Mayor of Chillicothe. He lived on Second Street, where Mrs. Waddle's residence now stands. His house was a two story frame building surrounded with a fine lawn, and on the eastern side of it there

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was a large weeping-willow tree. Mrs. Belt was of French extraction, and charming and graceful in society. Judge Belt long continued to wear knee breeches, silk stockings, and low shoes with large silver buckles. Miss Baskerville sometimes held her watermelon parties on their lawn under the great willow tree. In early days the festive lawyers had their Sunday dinner parties at the homes of Judge Belt, Mr. Creighton, Mr. James, and Colonel Brush, alternately.

Family life was so different in those early days, one hardly knows where to begin to tell about it. In the kitchen we see first the large open fireplace, wide and deep, the great back log, the front stick, supported on large iron andirons, the long-handled shovel and tongs, with the waffle irons, and long-handled pancake pan which required an adept to toss the delicate pancakes. The dutch oven, the little oven, the skillets all fitted with iron covers, or lids to hold coals when not

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properly heated, the griddles and grid-irons. The favorite way to cook steak or chicken was by broiling. Turkeys were suspended by cords before the fire with pans underneath to catch the gravy for basting. Afterwards came the tin roaster with open front and revolving spit, on which the turkey could be turned to the fire; also the tin reflectors to bake biscuits or pies. There was no baking powder at that time; but later came that abomination of all good cooks—saleratus. The introduction of cook stoves made an era in the kitchen. Never was cornbread, however, so good in any form as when baked in a closed skillet.

The price of prints or calicoes was fifty cents per yard, though a lower grade could be had for thirty-seven and a half cents. Shirting muslin was correspondingly high. Home or country linen was good and lasting, and furnished most of the towelling used for household purposes. Think now of giving fifty cents for a yard

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of calico, as was done in 1825, and of having no woollen underwear, of wearing low-cut shoes, and low-necked dresses buttoned or hooked up in the back, and of being without the other little things which are now so indispensable!

Major William Rutledge, a soldier of the Revolution, came to Chillicothe about 1800. He was a stone-mason by trade. Stone was plentiful, and many of the first houses were built of it. The first stone Court-House was built by him.

His wife, Betty Rutledge, was quite an original character. I came near calling her small, but she was not small, though short, with small hands and feet. As I recall her looks when she came to see my father,—seated in a low rocking-chair, smoking a pipe, her short legs crossed, and her little feet in their shining morocco shoes pointing upwards, and her bright, sparkling eyes,—the picture is so vivid, that I am compelled to stop and think how long ago it was. They lived in the

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jail at that time. Granny Rutledge, as she was called, knew everybody, and especially enjoyed herself at Court time. The town was then crowded by country people, and everything was brisk and lively. The lawyers were a jolly set, and it was very entertaining to hear her gossip about them. She had some noted boarders, who were confined in jail by their friends in order to break up their drinking habits. She was very kind and did all in her power to reform them.

She had a passion for getting dresses, and her ambition was to get one hundred. It was then the custom when a wife signed a deed, for the purchaser to give her a dress. Once when Mrs. Rutledge signed a deed, Colonel Bond said to her, "Go, yourself, and select your dress." Accordingly she did, and chose a handsome satin, the finest she could find, of a beautiful shade of brown. Before her husband's death she had attained her great desire, and owned a hundred dresses. They had

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no children, and when the Major died she was alone in the world. Then she suddenly came out a gay and lively widow, and married again. The second marriage was not a very happy one. I do not think she added any more dresses to her wardrobe, and at her death the dresses were scattered to the four winds.

Education was not neglected in the early days, for in 1820, or 1821, Mr. Steinour, an English gentleman, with his wife and widowed sister-in-law, opened a select boarding-school for young ladies; first, in a one-story stone house on the corner of Mulberry and Main Streets, where the Mill now stands, afterwards in the two-story brick house on East Main Street, now occupied as a bakery. Across the alley from this building, was a two-story stone house, owned by Mr. John McDougal, whose daughter, George Ann, was a pupil in this school. The other

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pupils were, Ellen and Margaret Worthington, Sarah and Susan Creighton, Mary and Diathea Tiffin, Elizabeth McCoy, Elizabeth Waddle, Mary Miller, Matilda Evans, Julia Galloway of Xenia, Arabella McLean of Lebanon (daughter of the late Judge John McLean), Eliza Helan of Urbana, and Sarah Green from near Kingston. No day scholars were admitted.

Uniformity in dress was not required, except in millinery. The prescribed form was cloth caps for winter, and white corded bonnets (not sun-bonnets), trimmed with pink ribbon, for summer wear. The school must have had quite a reputation at that time for scholarship, as so many young ladies from a distance were in attendance. It was, however, of short duration, as the proprietors soon moved to Philadelphia. While in Chillicothe, Mrs. Steinour, the widowed sister-in-law of Mr. Steinour, was married in St. Paul's Church, on Walnut Street, by the Rector,

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Mr. Kellogg, to a minister of the Episcopal Church, the Rev. Mr. Morse. Probably but few of our citizens know that there ever was a boarding-school in Chillicothe.

Mrs. Thurman in early times taught a school for girls. Miss Fisher taught music, also drawing and painting. Mr. Gregoire taught French. His daughter, Virginia, was the little French girl who incited in Allen G. Thurman a love for the study of French.

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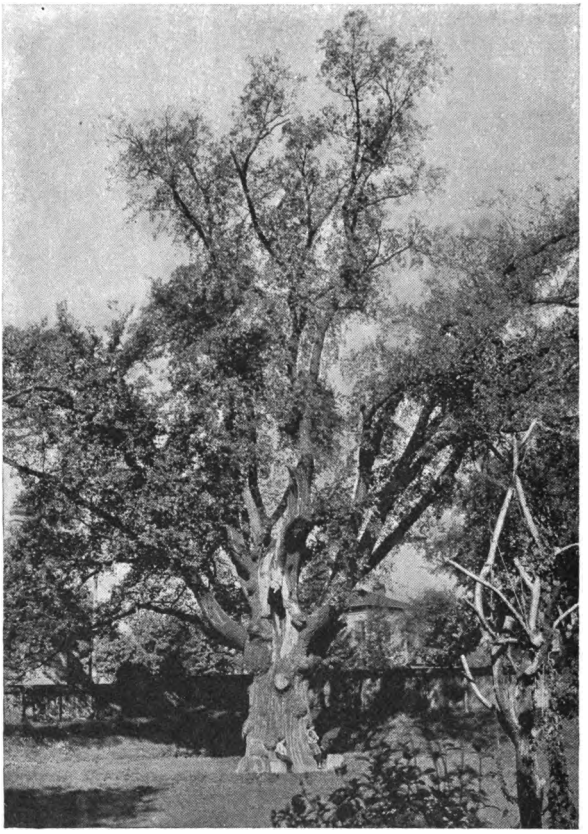

THE OLD ELM

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THE OLD ELM.

THOU mighty monarch of the earth,
So vast thy trunk,—so huge thy girth :
From tiny seed, oh ! hast thou grown ?
What subtle myst'ries thou hast known !

Great monument of years long past,
Thou surely wert of royal cast :
With verdure crowned—and robe of green,
A King, indeed ! of noble mien.

Brave sentinel of mountain near,
Where castle bold, its turrets rear :
While, gazing up its dizzy heights,
We vainly watch for plumèd Knights.

Thy glossy foliage, reaching high,
Made dainty lace-work 'cross the sky ;
Eolian-like weird winds did sigh
Amidst thy leafy canopy.

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Coy lovers linger'd 'neath thy boughs,
Each pledging true, eternal vows.
Thy sylvan arches shelter'd here
The nesting robins, year by year.

Sweet children, human blossoms gay,
Their claspèd hands a garland, they,
With twinkling eyes, and winsome grace,
Would circle round thy generous base.

Long, long ago, the Indian Braves
Came gliding down Scioto's waves:
Their war-whoops echoed, loud and shrill,
From Logan's Mount, from hill to hill.

When Red man stood with fiery glance,
And Pale-face nobly sheathed his lance,
Beneath thy shade, grim war did cease,
They gladly smoked the Pipe of Peace.

Thou wert a link, oh! glorious tree,
'Twixt *then* and *now*—right royally,
Thy missions o'er, thou 'rt laid to rest,
On gentle nature's welcome breast.

Thou 'rt now consigned to Mother Earth;
Endeared the place, which gave thee birth:

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The cradle of thine infant years
Is now thy tomb, bedewed with tears.

A fragrant sward, fair Nature weaves
Of myrtle blooms, and glossy leaves ;
For-get-me-nots of Heaven's own blue,
And modest violets, filled with dew.

We kneel beside this charmèd spot :
Thy mem'ry ne'er will be forgot :
Soft zephers chant thy requiem knell ;
Farewell, dear elm, dear elm, farewell.

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THE CHILLICOTHE ELM.

OF the historical elms given in Howe's *History of Ohio*, the Chillicothe elm is shown to be the largest.

The famous elm of Boston Common, planted in 1670 (but now gone), had a girth of sixteen feet.

The Northampton elm, named by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was twenty-four feet five inches.

The Johnston elm, named by Ralph Waldo Emerson, measured twenty-two feet. It had twelve prodigious branches, each a tree.

The Cambridge elm, under which Whitfield preached and Washington took command of the army, was less than twenty-two feet in girth and was two hundred years old.

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The living Giant and Great Elm in Broad Street, Wethersfield, measured twenty-two feet five inches. Four of its branches measured respectively in girth: sixteen feet, eleven feet, ten feet, and eight feet; the circumference of all was four hundred and twenty-nine feet.

The Chillicothe elm measured twenty-eight feet six inches. It was situated on the south side of West Second Street, midway between Walnut Street and Western Avenue. Its age is unknown, but it was an immense tree when the first white settlers came to this valley.

Tradition tells us that Logan held his first councils beneath this tree, and that a treaty was made with the Indians under its huge branches.

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THE OLD BRIDGE.

THE old bridge over the Scioto River, connecting the town of Chillicothe with the north, towards Lancaster and Columbus, has been written up in the histories of the State, in pamphlets and in newspapers, until little can be said that is new. For a detailed description of its masonry, superstructure, and the iron used in its construction, the scientific and curious are referred to an exhaustive paper read before the Ohio Society of Engineers, by the late Charles B. Cook, the city's engineer, at the time of its demolition. This paper was published in January, 1887.

Perhaps, however, something more general in regard to its origin and descriptive

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THE OLD BRIDGE.

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of its location and long life may be of interest, as few persons now living can realize the many changes wrought by natural causes, and by the hand of man, since the settlement of this town.

The river then came down from the north, turned sharply to the southwest, where the railroad now crosses the north-eastern limits of the present City Park, swept around the high ground from Mill Street to the head of Paint and of Mulberry Streets, making a horse-shoe bend; and then, as now, ran nearly due east for a mile. Over this stretch was our bridge, and, half a mile below, has stood for the last twenty years the Norfolk and Western Railroad iron bridge.

The present gravel bar and the City Park were then densely covered with large sycamore trees, elms, two of which are yet standing, pawpaw bushes, fallen timber, and drift-wood; as the whole was often under water, it formed a veritable South American jungle, breeding fevers,

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which were half-sisters to the dreaded yellow fever. One sycamore, then standing on the north bank of the river, was of such old age and gigantic size, and was so burned on the inside that, as the story is told by those now living, two horses could be stabled within its rounded trunk; and once an improvident, homeless family took up its quarters there.

In 1796, Ebenezer Zane cut his trail, or road, from Wheeling, Virginia, to Maysville, Kentucky, located the "Zane section" of land on the north bank of the river, and established a ferry. At a point in this trail, three hundred yards northwest of the end of the old bridge, the road forked; one branch went down to the ferry at the foot of Hickory Street, the other went through the woods, crossed the river at the "upper ford"—the lower ford was at Mulberry Street—landed on a wide gravel bar just beyond the northeastern limits of the Park, and following the north bank of the river, came into

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town by the old soap factory at the foot of Mill Street.

In May, 1804, Humphrey Fullerton bought the Zane section of six hundred and forty acres, for (what seems now to its owners) the paltry sum of $5192; and his negro man, "Fullerton's Jack," ran the ferry-boat. On January 27, 1807, the Ohio legislature appointed Samuel Finley, Duncan McArthur, Isaac Cook, William Creighton, John Carlisle, John Kerr, George Renick, Nathaniel Massie, and Nathaniel Willis commissioners, "to raise, by way of lottery, a sum not exceeding $12,050 for improving the banks of the Scioto, and establishing a ferry." They were to give bond for $100,000, to publish the drawing in the Chillicothe and Steubenville papers, and to complete the drawing in ninety days after the 1st day of June, 1808: then an act was passed to extend the drawing to 1809; and another act, repealing all previous acts, and dividing the lottery into "three classes," and ex-

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tending the time to the 1st of June, 1812; and not to realize more than fifteen per cent. on the whole number of prizes sold.

Humphrey Fullerton's name, which is found in most of the enterprises about that time, does not appear in this, and it is supposed that he was either opposed to lotteries, or that he was absent looking after his extensive interests elsewhere. But previous to this, an act had been passed on February 19, 1810, authorizing Humphrey Fullerton and Nathaniel Massie to build a toll bridge, provided "they own the land on the shores," and to demand tolls named in the act from six and a quarter cents for foot passengers, on up to fifty cents for four-wheel vehicles drawn by two horses or oxen, and seventy-five cents if drawn by four horses or oxen. Fullerton and Massie did not build the bridge under this act; and, on June 14, 1812, there was passed an act, to revive an act to raise money by lottery and to extend time of drawing to 1814. Evi-

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dently the lottery scheme had not proved a success, and on February 15, 1815, Humphrey Fullerton, John Carlisle, John McLandburgh, J. W. and Joseph Miller, Sr., or any three of them, were empowered to build a bridge (O. L. 13, p. 132), etc., "provided navigation shall not be obstructed or fording impeded, and give bond for $10,000 before the first Monday in October, else privileges shall cease." So, in 1816–17, the bridge was built.

Through the kindness of Mr. George Wolfe, we quote from the *Scioto Gazette*, dated November 6, 1817:

"We are gratified to inform our readers that this elegant structure is now ready for travellers and the public generally—for a few days past foot passengers have crossed; toll will be required from this day. For beauty of construction it is equalled by few in the United States. We trust the proprietors will be amply remunerated for the expense they have been at, after the heavy loss sustained last year"

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—referring doubtless to the partial loss of the first span, which was carried away by high water, before its completion.

The bridge as built by the company had but two spans of one hundred and fifty feet each, level with the high bank on the town side. Each span had three arched trusses, twelve feet four inches apart, forming a double roadway. Each arch was made of ten layers of 3 x 10½ inch oak, in long lengths breaking joints; each layer spiked to the one below at intervals of about two feet with seven-inch iron spikes, and the ten thicknesses were bolted together every five feet with 1 x 1 inch square wrought iron bolts. (See Illustration No. 2.) Its northern end rested on a dressed stone pier, twenty-nine feet above the usual stage of water; and from this ran a trestle nearly as long as the bridge itself to the Zane road that ran down to the ferry.

Mrs. Susan Wolfe and Mrs. Caroline Davis say it was a favorite drive to cross

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END VIEW OF FRAMING—LOOKING NORTH.

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the bridge, turn to the left through the dense woods, cross the river at the upper ford, and come into town by Mill Street. Just below this ford, the high waters had cut a small channel south, through the heels of the horse shoe; which it is said was enlarged and deepened in 1819–20 by the owners of the land, and of the bridge, as the good fording at that point diverted travel from the bridge. But when the dreaded malaria stalked abroad in 1821, and the water around the old channel became stagnant, money was raised by subscription from the citizens, and a dam of logs, brush, and stone built to turn the water back to the town.

Nathaniel Cutright and Robert Veail, now living, rode the horses to haul the brush and logs. The floods in the winter and spring of 1822 swept out the dam, and the water ever since has chosen that way to run down to the sea; and when the boats, loaded with flour and grain, came down from Yellow Bud, and Worth-

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ington's mill on the Kinnickinnick, they would often take the short cut. One John Cook, as helmsman of Bob Harvey's boat, hesitated; but not wishing to take a dare from those on the bank, tried it, saying—"D——if I won't go through"; and from that day to this, in low water, you can see a part of the stanchion and plank of that sunken boat nearly covered with gravel, to testify to what a "dare" may do. From the old hulk, we used to dive and fish, but there is no hole there now, the channel being filled up, and the current going farther east.

The county commissioners bought the bridge in 1827, for about $19,250, declaring it free to the citizens of the town, and some time afterwards, it was made free to every body. Very little information in regard to this purchase can be obtained by inquiry, or by diligent search of the county records; but it was evidently paid for on long time, and in part script; for as late as June, 1833, Wm. Waddle, Uncle

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of the late Doctor William Waddle, as administrator of John Waddle, received $2000 in part payment of two shares, Wm. Carson $1000 in part payment of one share, and Alex. Waddle, in 1834, $696.67 in full to June the 8th.

The Zanesville & Maysville Turnpike was incorporated on March 7, 1839, thirty-nine persons named, capital stock $600,000; and to this Company, the bridge was sold, or thought to be sold, on the 15th of June, 1838, for the sum of $12,000, "citizens of Ross County forever to pass without payment of toll, provided the citizens pay one-fourth expenses of repairs." The Zanesville & Maysville turnpike company built the north abutment, and the third span, and graded seventeen rods of road at the north end; and all was completed in the Henry Clay campaign, in the fall of 1844.

The heavy two-inch iron rods, together with the spikes and nails were fashioned by the trip-hammer and by hand—some

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of the rods showing several pieces of iron welded together. In 1887 these rods were tested by the Keystone Bridge Company, under the direction of Professor Brown of the Ohio State University. The tests showed that the ends "squeezed almost flat—more like lead—they bent 180° without cracks or open scarfs at bend." Cloninger & Co., an old firm in Pittsburgh, furnished the iron; and George Haynes the grandfather of the family living in the county, did most of the blacksmith work. It is said that he afterwards boasted that he had made twelve cents a lick. He made wrought nails also, and sold them at twenty-five cents per pound, and turned out ten pounds per day.

The bridge stood the wear and tear of weather and floods with few repairs until 1863. A flood then brought down a big Sycamore tree, roots and all, which lodged on the square face of the second pier, causing the rushing waters to undermine its up stream end, until it settled westward about

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sixteen inches, of course carrying the superstructure in that direction. In consequence of this, on December 11, 1863, the county commissioners ordered Wm. Welsh, a member of the board, to employ a civil engineer, and to report damages ; " It is pronounced unsafe, and the title to the bridge unsettled, same is ordered rebuilt at expense of county ; not releasing the Zanesville & Maysville Turnpike to pay its three-fourths liability." Major Welsh and Lewis T. Sifford, engineer and county surveyor, built a coffer dam, pumped and removed the sand from the lower end of the pier, and let it slowly and carefully adjust itself to a level. With lifting jacks and pulleys, they raised and righted the superstructure, and repaired damages. This was regarded as a piece of good engineering and each received, as he deserved, credit for the same, from his partisans ; as one was a staunch Republican, and the other a rock bound Democrat.

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The expense of these repairs amounted to $7868.60, the old material selling for $400. A demand was made on the Zanesville & Maysville Company to pay up the three-fourths of this repair money, agreeable to the supposed sale made in 1838. As the Company did not respond promptly, Allen G. Thurman, attorney for the county, jumped the slow processes of the lower courts, and brought suit "in mandamus" in the Supreme Court, alleging, that—"Zanesville & Maysville Company, by an instrument filed September, 1860, did try to get rid of, and pretend to release said bridge." The case was decided against him at the December term of the court in 1865. For this service he received four hundred dollars, and Alfred Yaple, one hundred. From this time on, as no deed, though tendered, had been accepted, the bridge in its old age, like Japheth in his youth, went in search of a father.

It is interesting to trace the efforts of

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the county commissioners to get back three-fourths of that repair money. Judge Wm. H. Safford was employed to bring suit again, and after going through the lower courts, it was taken to the Supreme Court, and thrown out, in 1867, for want of summons—a technicality. He having been, in the meantime, elected Judge of the Common Pleas, and being on the bench, S. L. Wallace and Arch. Mayo as attorneys for the county, brought suit in the Common Pleas Court in March, 1870, and after motions and counter motions, and the law's delay, Wm. T. McClintick and Amos Smith as attorneys for the Turnpike, filed an answer in November, 1872, asserting among many other things, that the commissioners were not seized of the property they tried to convey in 1838, as the toll house and the land on which it stood belonged to one Joseph Shepherd—and that the repairs we have made on the bridge were altogether voluntary. And thus after ten years of liti-

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gation, the Court decides that the demurrer is not well taken, and the case dismissed at costs of Plaintiffs, the County.

We cannot follow all the quirks and twists of the case of these subtle and contentious lawyers, which ended in 1873, but some of their claims, to you and to me, seem as broad as Shepherd's "toll house" door, and as deep as the "well" that was built up in the first abutment of the bridge from which travellers in early days, and also the first toll-gate keeper, drew water from the bottom of the river for man and beast. This well was in the east end of the abutment, and after the bridge became free, was inclosed in Shepherd's lot, and finally abandoned and filled up in the sixties.

Thus, then, we find the bridge, the first long span structure of the kind west of the Alleghany mountains; it was a credit to the enterprise of the founders of the town, or of any time or peoples, when we consider their remoteness from

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iron mills and skilled labor, and all of the difficulties to be surmounted. It was roofed with shingles, boarded up at the sides, lighted only from the open ends, and by two small windows, 2 x 4, on the east side. Until after the seventies, two small lanterns gave an uncertain light during the night. The shade of the roof and the breeze that swept through in summer, were grateful to tired horse and man. It was a halting-place in showers, and for country girls to adjust their bonnets and back hair before entering the big city—for boys to climb over the big arches to the roof, and drop pebbles, and shout to frighten horses and men below. But when the floods came, everybody from town walked or ran through to the north side, to see the spread of waters for a mile that came rushing over bottom lands, fences, and trees; and to listen to its gurgling, as it passed under the bridge, scolding the big piers as obstacles to its wilful way. So far as is known, the

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bridge itself has witnessed no murder or suicide, but its portals have been sprinkled with the blood of many a sinner.

"It finally had to give way to modern ideas and to the Iron age." Stripped of its covering and floor, it was found that the hard old timbers were so bound and joined together, they could not be cut, sawed, or wrenched apart; so holes were bored in the crown of the arches, and in the middle of the lower cords, and filled with coal oil, then following, as a last resort, the fashion of the wild Indian (who coming back to the scenes of his childhood had looked in wonder at its building), fagots were piled up and set on fire; thus it was burned down. The Scioto *Gazette* of August 9, 1886, says "The north span burned Saturday and the south span Monday night, falling at twenty three minutes before ten. A large crowd was present as the arches falling, swayed gracefully down stream. Thousands since its fall have visited the site, and every one car-

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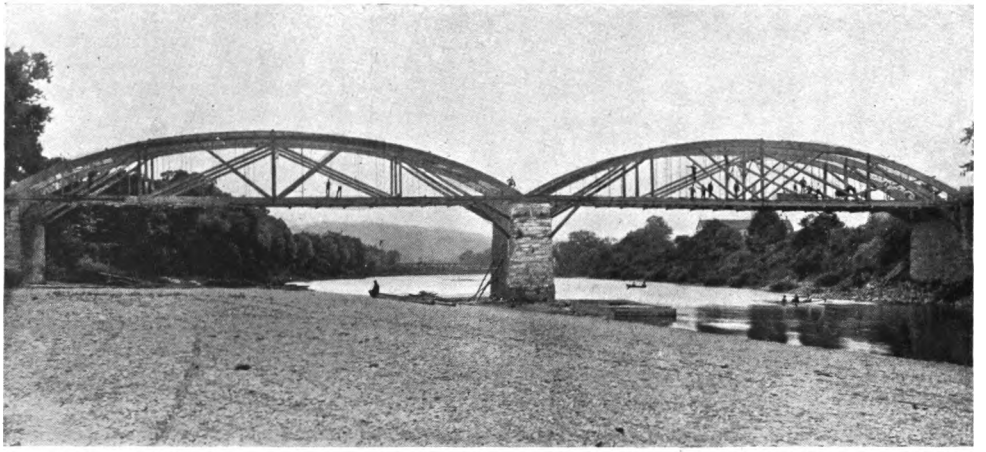

SKELETON TRUSSES OF THE TWO SPANS.

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ried away some souvenirs—spikes, nails, and pieces of wood." The spikes, nickle plated, can be found in many houses, and are often used as paper-weights on the desks of ladies, clerks, and lawyers.

The present iron bridge was completed in the fall of 1886. The old piers were lengthened, and built up about two feet, so that the floor of the present bridge is about thirty-three feet above the usual water level. During its construction, a pontoon bridge, three hundred feet long, was used for crossing the river at the foot of Hickory Street.

Now go down there late some bright July evening, and standing over the big pier, face to the west, you will see a sheet of light reflected from the white gravel on the bar, a baby carriage, and little girls in bright gowns throwing pebbles in the water; three cows knee deep, red and white, with their tails switching rainbow drops in the air; the railroad train going west as if running for life; the puff of

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smoke from the power house on the bank of the river, the engine at each stroke sending gallons of river water to the Baltimore & Ohio South Western R. R. supply tank half a mile away; and farther on, catch the declining sun, as his face is cut in half by the range of hills on which stand the houses of our dead Governors, McArthur, Worthington, and Allen; turning to the northwest, you will see through the vista of the sycamore trees, the smoke-stack of Marfield's mill, and, in the distance, the "Egypt Hills," nearer by, the little log cabin, with clothes hung out to dry, which housed the first ferryman in 1802; and, in the depression between the long levee and the higher ground to the right, a field representative of the fertility of our valley. It is so covered with shocks of wheat, that the load seems too much to bear, and the hurrying teams and steam thresher are apparently making haste to get it off, lest it sink to China. Turn quickly to the east, while the Norfolk &

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Western runs the long train over its iron bridge, and you will see the base of Mount Logan almost in night; then follow the deep shadow as it climbs the mountain's side; the sun is now lost behind the Paint Creek hills, but the bald head of old Logan, still in light, will quickly nod, and "leave the world to darkness and to you."

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THE METHODIST CHURCH.

IN the tide of emigration to the Northwest in 1796, many Methodists were to be found. Among those who came to Chillicothe I may mention Dr. Edward Tiffin and his wife Mary Worthington, Thomas Scott, Dr. McAdow, Thomas Hinds, who built the two-story brick house now occupied by Mrs. Phœbe McKell, Hector Sanford, Dr. William McDowell, James McClintick, John Hutt and his relatives the Diblers, and Daniel Madeira, father of Colonel John Madeira.

Having no church building, services were temporarily held in a log house on lower Water Street. In 1807, a church was built, but, unfortunately, it was burned in 1820. Here let me quote from Bishop

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Asbury's diary published in New York in 1821. "Sat. Sept. 24, 1803, at Chillicothe. Preached in the State House to about five hundred hearers; again in 1805 preached at Chillicothe; entertained again by Gov. Tiffin. Friday Sept. 4, 1807 came to Chillicothe, and preached in our neat, new house to a large congregation. On Monday we opened Conference, sitting till Friday noon. In 1808, I was invited to spend the night under the hospitable roof of General Thomas Worthington, within sight of which lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin. In 1809, Dr. Tiffin received us kindly, and after dinner we rode on to White Brown's." In 1814, we find him staying with Senator Worthington from the 24th to the 30th of Sept. "Mrs. Worthington has taught her boys and girls, servants, and children to read the Holy Scriptures and they are well instructed. Neither of the heads of this household have attached themselves to any Church." In 1820 or thereabouts,

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Senator Worthington joined the Methodist Church, Mrs. Worthington had already become a Presbyterian, though both had been brought up in the Episcopal Church. Many eminent preachers have been connected with the Methodist Church of Chillicothe. John F. Wright occupied the pulpit from 1824–5, Joseph McDowell Mathews, from 1830–1, John Miley from 1841–2. Joseph M. Trimble served the Church as stationed preacher and elder, and his brother, Dr. Carey Trimble, was always a prominent member, as was also Presley Morris.

This second church was afterwards burned, and another edifice was erected on the same site, on Second Street between Paint and Walnut Streets on the corner of the alley. It is now occupied as a livery stable. The two-story brick building was perfectly plain and without ornament, as became a Church preaching the doctrine of its great founder, Wesley. The doors—double ones—with old fash-

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ioned latches, were in the south end; the pulpit and altar were directly opposite in the north end, and a gallery ran round the east, west, and south sides. The seats were as plain as they well could be, and the building was heated by large stoves. The neat yard in front was surrounded by a high board fence, and a brick paved walk led up to the doors.

The congregation was very large and contained some of our most prominent citizens, and many great revivals resulted from their labors. In these revival services, the minister was always the central figure, but many of the lay members were in active service, and some of the attendants will recall the kind face of old Father Pleasant Thurman, as he moved about among the mourners. He sat in the space set apart for workers at the altar. His wife was a sister of Governor Allen, and was, like him, tall and slender. They had two daughters, Maria, who died in early womanhood, and Henrietta who

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married Mr. Reimensnyder. Their only son was Allen G. Thurman, the history of whose distinguished career is known to every one. Dr. Joseph Dunlap, Squire Thomas Orr, and Jacob S. Atwood, were also prominent men in the Church. Judge James McClintick was another class leader. His native modesty and gentle manner prevented him from taking as active a part as some others, but whoever looked into his benevolent countenance could not fail to be impressed with the thought, that religion was to him a vital reality.

Mr. George Armstrong was also devoted to this his Church, and Mr. English, the father of Mrs. Schutte, was one of the honored veterans. The Cook family, Squire John J. Robinson, Mr. John Reed, Mr. Wm. McKell, Dr. McAdow, and Mr. Joshua Evans were all active members.

An amusing incident used to be told of the last named gentleman. He had been very ill, and at an experience meeting

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spoke of his feeble health, and mentioned that this might be the last occasion on which he would ever address them. Just at this point a brother who had been wrapped in his own reflections, unthinkingly uttered a loud, "Thank God," which caused the speaker to drop meekly into his seat.

One of the features of the church was "old Barbour," the sexton, whose stern eye preserved order throughout the congregation. He was a holy terror to the thoughtless, and not a whisper or a look seemed to escape his notice.

The church is gone from the old place. Nearly all the worshippers of that time are gone too, and though, under the new *régime*, two handsome churches and much fashionable attire have displaced the plain room and sober Methodist dress, the old spirit and principles will continue to live in the hearts of those who have come after them.

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TO A GROUP OF MAIDENS.

A CLUSTER beautiful and gay
Attired in maidenly array,
In satin gowns of richest sheen,
And radiant pearls befit a queen.

With lockets, combs, and fans galore
Worn by the stately dames of yore
Whose beauty, charms, and sparkling wit,
They, to these maidens did commit.

While looking in each sep'rate face
The cherished lineaments we trace,
Reveal'd in portraits on the walls
Of those from dear ancestral halls.

Sweet sunshine lurks in eyes and hair
As in dear grandmamma's so fair,
On lips and cheeks the roses glow
Of those who died long, long ago.

Why this forgetfulness of care
Which hovers o'er this group so fair?

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STAIRWAY IN THE FULLERTON HOMESTEAD.

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Like chisell'd marble, each sweet face,
As sculptured flowers, steeped with grace.

O potent spirit, touch the spring,
Re-animate these souls again,
Wake hope and joy, in laughing eyes
And rouse them—from their reveries!

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THE ACADEMY.

EARLY in the century, the Chillicothe Academy had a name and a place. Its founders wished to make it a first class institution of its kind, and of sufficient proportion to accommodate a great number of students, and to this end they secured a large plot of ground on South Paint Street, and located the building in the centre of the block. It was a beautiful site, and the house erected was quite an ornament to the town; few public buildings in any of the adjacent towns could compare with it.

The Academy was two stories in height, seventy or seventy-five feet long by forty or forty-five feet wide, surmounted by a cupola or dome, in which was hung a

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good sized bell. The stories were subdivided into recitation rooms; the room above the entrance was used for the apparatus intended for scientific studies. This was very good, and consisted of large celestial and terrestrial globes, an orrery or planetarium, a fine, large telescope, other smaller instruments, and several maps.

The result of erecting such a building was soon apparent in the increased number of people attracted to the town, making it their abode for life. Our fathers had no such end in view, however, when they built the Academy, it was simply an evidence of the estimate they put upon education.

Many of those who graduated from this seat of learning, in after life attained to eminence and occupied high places in the halls of Congress, the Legislature, the Judiciary, and other prominent offices; others entered the different professions, and still others became honorable and

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useful merchants, mechanics, and husbandmen.

Some of those who were fast friends of the Academy, and who gave countenance to it as long as they lived, were the Creightons, the Walkes, Waddles, Renicks, McCoys, McClinticks, Carsons, Fullertons, Thurmans, McLandburghs, McArthurs, Worthingtons, Douglasses, Jameses, McDougals, Robinsons, McLeans, Gilmores, and hosts of others too numerous to mention. The Academy continued to prosper for some time after its completion, and its founders could boast with pride of its success. The early teachers were then exchanged for others, and the Rev. Mr. McFarland took charge of the classical department. He held the position for some time, yielding it at length to Mr. Claybaugh, pastor of the Associate Reformed Church. The largest room in the building was reserved for those who were studying the English language, and under the superintendence of Mr. D. W.

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Hearn, the classes were brought forward from the elementary to the higher grades.

Webster's Spelling Book, Walker's Dictionary, Morse's Geography, Pike's Arithmetic, Murray's Grammar, and other books of like character were used for years, but are now displaced by those of a different style, more modern, in fact, though probably no better suited to make good scholars than those of the olden time. The outlook of those educational works did not extend much beyond the time of their publication, or shed light upon the changes likely to occur in the world's history, not even in that of our own country. They seem to have expected that the Mississippi would be always the western boundary of the United States, and all beyond that was the great Western Desert; perhaps it never entered into the head of Mr. Hearn that there could be anything different; if so, he never taught his pupils to expect a change.

The school hours in summer were from

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eight o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon, allowing one hour for intermission at noon, and fifteen minutes recess in the morning and afternoon. The noon hour was always improved by Mr. Hearn in writing copies in the copy-books of the scholars, and in making pens for their use, out of quills, with the very sharp pen-knife he always carried. From early morning to late in the evening, he continued the recitations; his was a herculean task as he was obliged to adapt himself to such a variety of minds, and to so many different studies; graded schools had not then dawned on the school-master, but the faithfulness of his labor is shown in the results which followed, as well as in the pride with which many have proclaimed that their education was acquired in the old Academy.

In Mr. Hearn's time, the old proverb was the first article of faith of a competent instructor, and his pupils were not spoiled by being spared the rod; he kept

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a goodly supply of rods on his desk, and well knew how to apply them. Mr. Hearn in his early years was very quick-tempered, and when excited, his punishments were apt to be severe—in the present day they would be called cruel. In person he was tall and slender, with very dark hair and complexion; his expression was severe, though he had a gentle voice and a smooth manner, which were rather at variance with his reputation. He had a wart or mole on his forehead, just above his nose, that was almost as large as a good sized strawberry, and the boys insisted that they could tell when he was losing his temper and that the mole would change color and become very red. This may have been imaginary, but the boys believed it firmly. In the later years of his life his disposition was very much changed; he gained such control over his temper that he became pleasant and even affable,—and was often seen on the playgrounds

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witnessing the sport of the boys and girls, and encouraging them in their wrestling and racing.

Space being no object, what magnificent grounds for play and exercise were afforded the scholars! Boys and girls in city schools can have no idea of the size of playgrounds given to youngsters in early times. Baseball was unknown then, but "town ball" was one of the favorite sports of the boys. "Fives" was another game that was exceedingly popular, and as soon as school was over, the ball was kept in continual motion until dark, and sometimes later.

Oftentimes, young men from town would stroll down to the Academy, and assist the students in their plays and sports, and the gratification of the boy of the olden time, fully equalled that of the present day, when honored with such notice from those of maturer years. Of "the boys," very few are left, but to the remnant, those days are still most bright,

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most golden to look back upon. Time has long since eliminated all that was hard or disagreeable, and, "Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt," never fails to awaken a responsive thrill in at least one of the hearts that beat in "The Old Academy."

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THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE Associate Reform Church was organized in 1806, its first Session being composed of James Taylor, Hugh Ghormley, and Wm. Carson; the first trustees consisted of Humphrey Fullerton and John McLandburgh. The distinguishing features of this organization were "the exclusive use of the Psalms of David in the worship of God without the accompaniment of any musical instrument," a disapproval of human slavery as practised in this land, and "close" communion.

The first house of worship was a plain structure known as the Bank Alley Church, because its entrance was from the Bank alley—the same that is now the eastern boundary of the Masonic Opera

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House. It was much like the other churches of that day, except that to the high pulpit above the minister's head was added a sounding board, which enabled the congregation to hear distinctly every word he uttered. This pulpit was a two-story structure painted white, and was so high that the preacher could easily touch the ceiling; there were two chandeliers in the middle aisle made of tin, and arranged with branches for holding six tallow candles each; two smaller ones hung near the pulpit.

Regular services were maintained from the time of organization, though the first pastor, the Rev. Samuel Crothers, was not installed until 1811; he was succeeded to the pastorate by the Rev. Joseph Claybaugh. As they had educated the latter for the ministry, when the pulpit became vacant, their choice naturally fell upon him, and as he was greatly beloved, much sorrow was felt when he accepted a Chair of Theology at Miami University.

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The Bank Alley Church was abandoned in 1832 for a new edifice on Main Street, the site of the present church. In this church there was quite a space between the pulpit and the pews, which was used for the communion tables; before the service these were stretched across the space, and were covered with long snowy cloths of the finest damask. Each member of the church was expected to attend preparatory service, at which time small leaden "tokens" were distributed to those who were to commune, and on coming to the tables on the Sabbath these were given as evidence of their eligibility.

Miss Baskerville was a notable figure in the old days, as she walked with stately steps to one of the front seats.

In her love of fresh air, she annoyed Mr. Hearne by opening the window. He would arise and close it. She invariably opened it again, until, finally, the trustees ended the dissension, by inserting a tin pane, with hinges, which the lady could open at will.

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This edifice was demolished to make way for a handsome Gothic structure, which was built in 1850, and was destroyed by fire on April 2, 1857. The walls were so substantial, that, having an insurance of $7000 which Mr. McCague had placed on the building at his own expense, the congregation rebuilt on the same plan, using the old walls.

In 1843, the Rev. Wm. Finley was called to the Church; he was beloved by the whole community and was principal of the Academy in its palmy days. He was succeeded by the Rev. Wm. H. Prestley, and during his ministry, the Church, which had been generally, though erroneously, known as the "Seceder Church," decided to withdraw from the United Presbyterian Synod and to join the Synod of the Old School Church. This was done in 1868. The Session consisted of the Rev. Prestley, Thos. Ghormley, Peter Platter, Joseph W. McCague, James T. Bonner, and James Thompson.

Mr. Prestley accepted a call to a west-

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ern church in 1875, and was followed by J. O. Pierce; he in turn was succeeded by the Rev. Robert Galbreath, the present pastor of the church.

The old people are gone! The Platters, the McLandburghs, the Welshs, the Fullertons, the Carsons, Bonners, McDowells, Johnsons, McCommons, Taggarts, Mr. Hearn, Miss Baskerville, the Dicksons and many others. All are gone—and though others fill their places, and new faces are seen in their accustomed pews, their memory is fondly cherished and many a heart recalls tenderly and lovingly the noble men and women who loved that church in "the days that are no more."

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MARY BASKERVILLE.

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MISS BASKERVILLE.

ASIDE from parental guidance, perhaps no greater educational influence was exerted in the Chillicothe of old, than by Miss Baskerville, in the little schoolhouse where she held birchen sway over three generations of girlhood.

Miss Baskerville never confided her personal history to her acquaintances at large, consequently, little is known beyond the fact that she, a young Virginian, came alone to Chillicothe, and established a school for young girls and children; perhaps she was actuated more by caprice than by necessity; but for more than half a century she lived in the community, with a name above reproach, honored by the respect of all, and by

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the affectionate regard of many. With a character strongly marked by eccentricity, she was yet full of earnest, noble purpose, and was faithful in the discharge of every duty; she was religious, but without bigotry or ostentation. Though of Huguenot descent, as her name indicates, she was yet most proud of the Pocahontas blood which mingled with that of her French ancestry.

Her old pupils could well remember the visits of Captain Johnny, an Indian Chief, to whom she always showed the greatest deference and courtesy. He and his followers never went away empty handed, but bore as gifts to the papooses of his tribe, ownerless school-books, and many a glittering gewgaw. Those careless girls, who thought more of comfort than of complexion and discarded the hated sun-bonnets, will especially remember the threat of being sent with Captain Johnny to join the aforesaid papooses.

Miss Baskerville was thorough in all

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she attempted; in spelling, reading, and writing she had no equal as a teacher; she began with the infant novice at her knee, and pointed on the outspread primer from Antelope to Zebra.

Innovation she could not tolerate—Noah Webster, as the mutilator of his mother tongue, was her abomination; Walker's Dictionary, Pickett's Spelling Book, Murray's Grammar, Pike's Arithmetic, Adam's Geography, Blair's Rhetoric, Tytler's History, with Milton for parsing;—these were her text-books, in addition to the good old English reader, with its introduction and sequel.

Propriety of dress and deportment, she also carefully inculcated; with what prophetic vision she congratulated or pitied the prospective husbands of these incipient housewives. In her mind's eye, she could see the dusty furniture, unswept hearth, and ill-cooked dinner, presided over by an unkempt mistress, and again in another household, perhaps the broom would be

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covertly hiding its hastily gathered treasures behind a convenient door.

Her own perfect needle-work made her intolerant of failure in others, and when forbidden thread knots were discovered, no tears could save the guilty little seamstress, stitch by stitch it must be all ripped; or if too long a thread was taken, the blunder was exaggerated, and a schoolmate appointed to carry the needle back and forth at each stitch with its six feet length of thread; in fact, ridicule was one of her most powerful weapons, which she wielded not only against her pupils, but over their innocent shoulders she castigated the faults and follies of society at large.

In person Miss Baskerville was tall, erect, and majestic; she realized in her air and costume the ideal of the Maiden Queen; she always wore the Elizabethan ruff, and close clustering curls, and surely Queen Bess never sat her throne more majestically than our stately schooldame

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the simple, high-backed chair whence she governed her little realm; her step of dignified precision gained effect from the high-heeled and buckled shoes that she always wore; her dress, winter and summer, was of purest white, unrelieved, save by confining belt and buckle and the dependent chain and seals of her heavy gold watch.

The new-fangled words "recess," "term," and "vacation" were not in her vocabulary — she taught by the old-fashioned "quarter," with holidays only on Christmas or the Fourth of July.

The daily routine of six hours was broken only by the noon intermission, long or short, according to the season, and sometimes she sent weary little creatures to be refreshed by a frolic on "the green" (as she always called the grass plot).

No copper-plate relieved this untiring teacher; home-made copy-books of foolscap paper were daily ruled by her, and

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copies set in her own beautiful "round hand" characters; the oil goose-quill she made and mended between the recitations, and such was her skill in this department, that her old scholars often came to have her trim the goose-quill which wafted their first love letter; such a missive she was never known to send, though her favorite reward offered to good girls, was a jesting promise that they might go to her wedding.

The little frame school-house on Second Street had, originally, two rooms and a porch. The two rooms were thrown into one, having a fireplace at each end; the south fireplace was furnished with a Franklin stove, which in winter was filled with blazing hickory logs, and in summer with blooming flowers; in the north end of the room stood the little mahogany table, at which Miss Baskerville sat, facing rows of benches, which held her two score of scholars.

On one side of the fireplace was the

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deep wood closet; on the other an old dresser held copy-books, cracked slates, and various waifs and strays; under the four western windows was extended the writing-desk; on the opposite wall was a double row of pegs, on which hung the shawls and sunbonnets; on the triangular shelf behind the back door stood a veritable oaken bucket, always filled with cool water; to fill this pail was a privilege accorded in turn to the frolic-loving girls. To hold the door open, and to serve as a whetstone for slate pencils, was a piece of boulder that lay in the same corner for thirty years.

Two of Miss Baskerville's contemporaries were eminent members of the bar; they were as unique as herself, living, too, in a state of single blessedness and both were avowed woman-haters. She amused herself and annoyed them by quoting them on the most trivial occasions, and by holding their pretended opinion in terrorum over her school,—"What would

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Mr. Leonard say?" or "What would Judge Grimke think?" she frequently asked about things of which they would never have deigned to speak or even to think.

Uncle Billy, an aged negro, was Miss Baskerville's factotum. He cut and split the logs, carried the keys, made fires in winter, and the garden in summer. The loft was the abode of a traditionary ghost, of which Uncle Billy stood in wholesome awe, but venturesome girls, in their explorations of the spirit household, found nothing save ancient tin-ware and used up brooms.

Stern and dictatorial as Miss Baskerville was usually, she sometimes disclosed a deep well of tender feeling, unsuspected by the careless observer. One summer afternoon, a messenger came suddenly to the porch, and announced that William Sterrett was drowned; Miss Baskerville's first start of incredulity and afterburst of grief are indescribable. The drowned

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boy was the only and beloved son of the household in which was her home. At her command, given in a broken voice, her little flock glided out quietly and left her alone; when she met them again, she was clad in the first black dress they had ever seen her wear, and her manner was subdued into a soft tenderness, as unusual as her garb.

In her later years, Miss Baskerville stood almost alone, her old friends had nearly all passed into the great Hereafter, leaving her to the sympathy of a new generation, who could not know her true merits and real worth; but her memory will live in the annals of the old metropolis, not only as an instructress of youth, but as one of the characters, who, by her own distinctive quality was thrown into bold relief upon the smooth surface of society.

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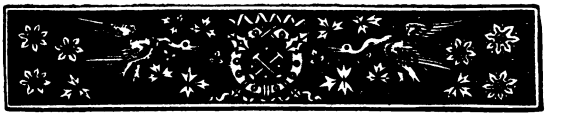

A MEMORY.

" The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom—
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

WHEN the pathos of Holmes's *Last Leaf* first sank into my heart, its quaint description touched a hidden spring, the golden gates of memory swung back, and allowed a vision of the "real time," when things are always *just* what they seem. The time when realities are all wonders, and wonders are all realities; when Cinderellas and Princes are every-day sort of people, and glass slippers, pumpkin coaches, and fairy godmothers *might* be met with at any time.

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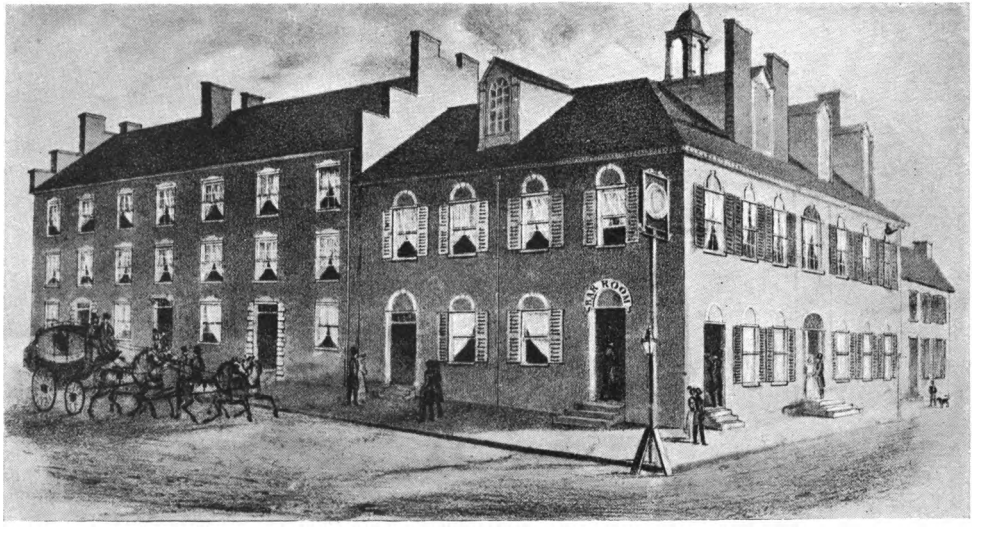

THE MADEIRA HOUSE.

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Through these open portals, a long vista of sunshiny street is disclosed (in Memory's land it is always sunshine) and a square, substantial house with a high board fence enclosing an orchard, where blossoming trees wafted sweet odors, or showered shell-like petals on the passer-by.

The board yard next becomes visible, with its high piles of planks, and the little low house at the end, with one or two chairs hospitably placed at the door, and rarely unoccupied. The tavern beyond, with its sign on a high pole, and a tiny cupola on top, wherein dwelt the brisk little bell, which three times a day rang out its call, "ding-a-dong," with a marked emphasis on the "*dong*."

This was the scene,—but memory scarce shows a picture which was merely a landscape, and, still peeping through the doorway, I behold an elderly gentleman, of stiff and stately mien, his immobile face most granite and sphinx-like, striding along, looking neither to the right nor to

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the left, taking no apparent pleasure in the stroll, but since he had elected to walk, walking solemnly and slowly, until the proper amount of exercise had been taken. His nearly white hair was brushed smoothly back around his head, his face, long, thin, sallow, with pronounced features and eyes that looked always straight ahead, was clean shaven. A stiff white neck-cloth encircled his throat in voluminous folds, the ends tied in a most precise little bow. The swallow-tailed coat, the gloved hands held stiffly straight to his sides, and strapped pantaloons were guiltless of crease or wrinkles, and his whole appearance was so stiff, so mechanical, so wooden, as to resemble one of those figures whose jerky motions are governed by machinery.

There is a sort of Greek chorus in Memory's land which produces an impression, although one has not the faintest idea of the source from which it emanates; in some such mysterious manner, the

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knowledge reached me that this was Judge Grimke; the same mysterious power informed me that he was beloved of Miss Baskerville's soul, a marvel never questioned in that far-off land.

A few paces behind Judge Grimke, in equally slow and stately fashion, walked another figure, so exactly like the first, as to be rather startling at first sight; until a second glance revealed the likeness to be merely in dress and general appearance. The second figure was a light colored man, whose grizzled hair and slender figure, clad in cast-off garments of his master,—and, perhaps, an unconscious imitation of the manner of his superior,—gave, at first glance, an idea of a *doppel-ganger*, or a shadow taking tangible form and uncannily following in the footsteps of its principal. Harvey Hawes was the second figure, and report said that this servant had followed his master's fortunes, when, maddened by the desertion of his promised wife, he shook the dust of his native

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place from his feet, and wandered forth a despiser of the fair sex, a woman-hater as he was known, to the time of his death. Tradition said he would never look on a woman's face, not even the face of a little girl; but I have heard of some small maidens in the long ago, upon whom he bestowed some notice, even jocosely alluding to his admirer, Miss Baskerville, being likely to visit tardy pupils with her wrath. That he was wholly unimpressionable, I am sure, for when two girls, whose lovely flower-like faces alone would have compelled a second look from an ordinary observer, passed him in his tramp, and one roguishly dropped her kerchief, "just to see what he would do," he marched stiffly on as though seeing neither the dainty cambric nor the fair maidens, thus leaving to the winsome owner the unaccustomed task of picking up her own handkerchief.

Memory has a kaleidoscopic fashion of sometimes shifting the actors without disturbing the stage setting, and in one such

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magical change, the little procession vanishes; while down the roadway of the sunshiny street, the same figure appears astride a horse; the same stiff stateliness and unbending dignity characterize the horseman that appeared in the pedestrian; no more apparent pleasure in the ride than in the walk; no more interest in the surroundings; gently ambling onward, the horse bears his stately rider beyond my ken. A last quiver of the sunlight; a last shower of the falling blossoms, and the golden gates of memory softly close.

I do not know why the hidden spring was touched by the poem, for he had no "three-cornered hat" nor "knee-breeches and all that," only, he was so queer, and perchance the thought of a lonely, loveless old age completed the semblance of *The Last Leaf.*

> "And if I should live to be
> The last leaf upon the tree
> In the Spring,
> Let some smile, as I do now,
> On the old forgotten bough,
> Where I cling."

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ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

AS the history of this church bears relation to the whole diocese of Ohio, being one of the earliest, and most influential in the State, the founding of it possesses more than common interest. Finding that its history embraces a term of nearly eighty years, I shall give most prominence to the first period, that part being most appropriate for this Centennial year. For sources of information I have the *Record of the Vestry*, from its incipience to the present time, and some recent conversations with Miss Jane Luckett, whose acquaintance with the rectors and earliest members of the parish furnishes interesting items not otherwise obtainable.

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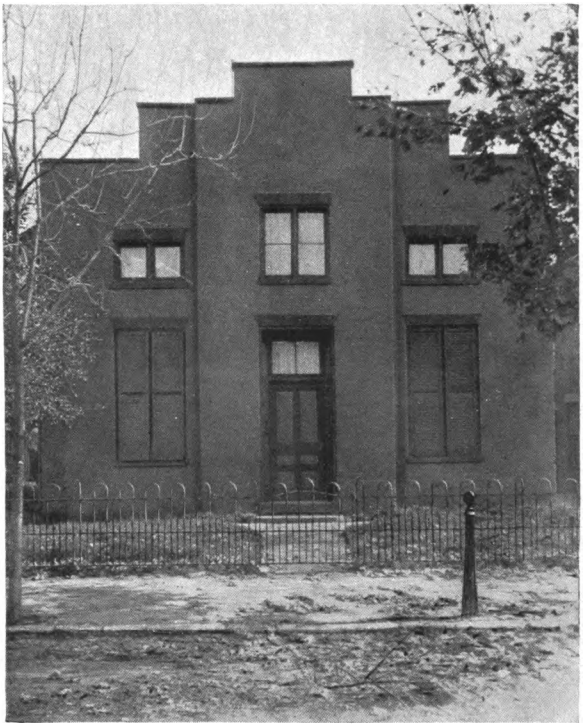

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 1821.

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On the 24th of April, 1817, divine service was conducted in the Court House by the Rev. Roger Searle of St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, Conn., after which a number of citizens met at the house of Mr. Richard Douglas, to take steps to establish a Protestant Episcopal Church. The constitution of the church was read and adopted. The Rev. R. Searle was appointed to the chair, and Edward King, secretary. A resolution was then passed to unite themselves into a congregation by the name of St. Paul's Church, Chillicothe, for the worship and service of God, according to the regulations of said Episcopal Church.

Signed:

Levin Belt,	William Key Bond,
Thomas James,	John Woodbridge,
J. Barnes,	William R. Southward,
Isaac Evans,	Richard Douglas,
Henry Brush,	David McComb,
Edward King,	Robert Kercheval.

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Previous to the appointment of a rector, services were conducted by "Reading Clerks," who were duly appointed.

At a meeting in 1819, delegates to attend a convention at Worthington were appointed. Dr. E. Tiffin was called to the chair, and David Grier was chosen secretary; the Reading Clerks for the year were Henry Brush, William Key Bond, Edward King, and Richard Douglas. Dr. Tiffin performed the duties of public divine worship, at the request of the vestry. If we could have kept him with us, we might have had his granddaughters among our "Marthas and Marys," as they are active members in the Methodist church to-day.

April, 1820, Lodge-room Committee, Richard Douglas, Henry Jack, and John Callet, appointed to contract for building a church on Walnut Street. Lot purchased of Henry Jack for three hundred dollars. "On the 12th day of September, 1821, said building on Walnut Street,

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Chillicothe, was, by the Right Rev. Philander Chase, Bishop of Ohio, aided by the Rev. Intrepid Morse, and the Rev. Ezra B. Kellogg, of the same church, duly consecrated, by the name of St. Paul's Church of Chillicothe, County of Ross, and State of Ohio, set apart from all ordinary and secular uses, unto the peculiar honor and worship of Almighty God, according to the liturgy, and offices, rubrics, and canons, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America." In 1822—*Resolved* that the members become a corporate body, for which, petition was presented to the legislature, and passed into a law.

A slight sketch may not be amiss of some of the founders of this church, of whose families none now remain in the parish.

Judge Levin Belt, from Washington City, was a notable churchman. On the occasion of Bishop Chase's officiating in the Court House, and in default of a

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vestry-room, he held a large bandana handkerchief, in front of the Bishop, while he donned the Episcopal robes. There are many charming anecdotes told of him which are not in order here. His second daughter, Elizabeth, married Henry Buchanan, a member of our vestry, who removed to Portsmouth, and became an active member of Dr. Burr's church. David McComb married Mary, daughter of Governor Worthington, and removed to Florida. Robert Kercheval married Margaret, daughter of General McArthur. and removed to Darby. Colonel Bond, a devout churchman, married Miss Strong, and with his family was prominent in this church. His wife led the singing in the Court House and in the first church edifice. He afterwards removed to Cincinnati. Mr. Wm. R. Southward married Mary Buchanan, and removed to Bainbridge.

Col. Henry Brush figured in the war of 1812 or in some Indian battles. He

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lived with two maiden sisters in the two-story brick house, now occupied by Eichenlaub's bakery. They were all attentive church members. His sisters, Zayde and Mary, were after the pattern of the ladies of Cranford, punctilious in the performance of all their duties of church, home, and society. Many were the prayer meetings and "circles" held in that house. The Colonel was a model of courtesy and kindness.

Thomas James, a prominent and liberal churchman, with his large family, was regular in attendance at church services and influential in church work. Abraham G. Claypoole, long a church warden and vestryman, was from Philadelphia, then the emporium of the country. I have heard my mother say, that "the Claypoole family introduced many pleasant customs in our new Western society." Mr. Claypoole, returned to Philadelphia. Edward King, an accomplished scholar, married Sarah, daughter of Governor Worthing-

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ton, and removed to Cincinnati. J. Barnes and Isaac Evans also moved away. Of the other founders of the church, Richard Douglas, and John Woodbridge, the families are still residents and parishioners here.

Rev. Ezra B. Kellogg was the first rector of the parish from, 1822 to 1825. He married Miss Brush. The Rev. John Bausman, was the second rector, from 1827 to 1832. During those four years, John Bailadre, Ira Delano, James S. Swearengen, Peter Leister, Thomas Orr, and E. P. Kendrick, were vestrymen. At a meeting called at "early candle light" an effort was made to sell the church on Walnut Street, and to build a larger one. Mr. Bausman was greatly beloved and revered for his piety and zeal.

In 1833, Bishop McIlvaine, appointed a day of fasting and prayer, because of the prevalence of cholera. The Rev. Edward W. Peet took charge of the parish,

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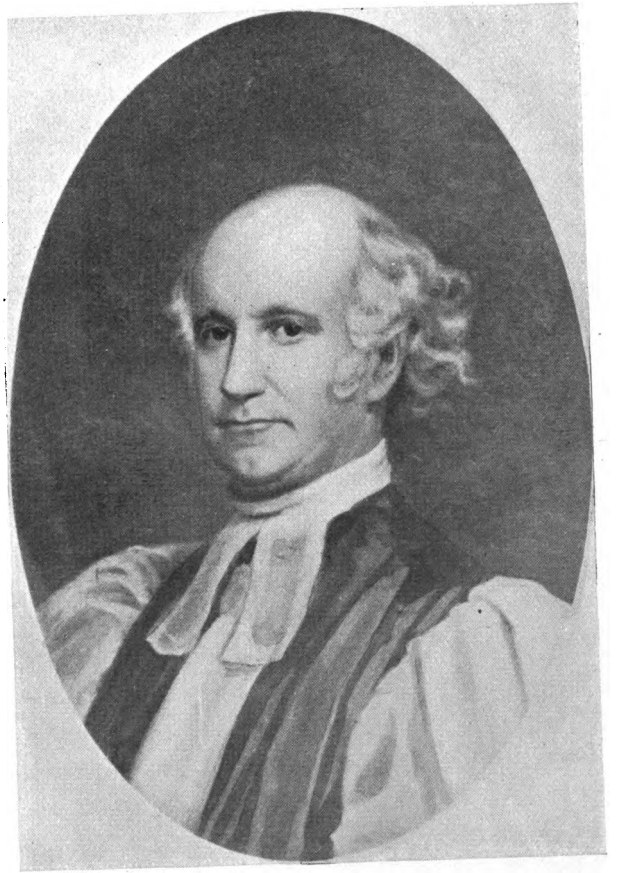

BISHOP McILVAINE.

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in 1833. Services were held for a time in the Court House. On September 5, 1834, Bishop McIlvaine, consecrated the church building on Main Street, by the name of St. Paul's Church. This was in the second year of his consecration. Dr. Peet was the first minister, and his was the first marriage solemnized in that church. He married Sarah Creighton, the Rev. Preston of Columbus officiating. There were forty-two marriages, under his ministry in Chillicothe, of which he wrote, many years after,—"As I review the names of those remembered and loved, living and dead, I find relief in sadness, joy, and tears.—Written in my seventy-second year, Chapel of Saint George's Church, New York."

During Dr. Peet's ministry, John Scott, of Virginia an aged communicant, died in 1840. He was the father of John C., Charles, Gustavus, Elizabeth, and Mary Anne, the wife of Wm. B. Franklin, Ellen, who married Mr. Doddridge; Wil-

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liam, who married Miss Florence and removed to Darby, and Harriet who married the Rev. Dr. Thomas Woodrow.

In 1836, a committee was appointed to raise a fund to erect a tower on the church. The sexton was ordered not to allow foot stoves to be filled from the furnace. Miss Mary Davenport was to be drawn on for twelve dollars and fifty cents to pay Morris O'Free.

Miss Davenport was very useful to the parish. She attended to the rector's robes, to the Geneva bands of fine linen which were then worn, the Communion service, the sexton's work, and the cutting and giving out of work at St. Paul's "Circle," which met at private houses every week in winter, and was a source of quite a revenue, besides being very delightful socially. Mrs. Peter Douglas, Miss Ellen Buchanan, and Mrs. Houghton did fine work. Infants' christening robes were made, and shirt collars were engaged by the gentlemen. They were finely stitched and sold at fifty

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cents each. Miss Davenport inspected the work rigidly, and was jestingly called "Major." She was of commanding presence.

Dr. Peet and the Rev. Erastus Burr had been classmates; they had entered the ministry about the same time and were good comrades. Dr. Burr related to me, with his indulgent smile, an incident which illustrated their friendship. During the great Harrison campaign in 1840, when Harrison was in Chillicothe, Dr. Burr came up from Portsmouth. He went in search of his friend, whom he found in his study preparing a sermon with knitted brow. As soon as Dr. Peet caught sight of Dr. Burr he sprang over the table to greet him, and said, "You 'll preach for me Sunday." Dr. Burr said, "No, I 'm to be in Worthington," then, "but if you 'll go there, agreed," and off they went arm in arm to the Market House, where the ladies were preparing for the great Harrison dinner, the central

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ornament of the table being a log cabin built of bars of corn pone.

This brings me to the time of the Rev. James B. Britton, in May, 1842. The Parish was very flourishing under Mr. Britton. In those days everybody went to church twice on Sunday and to lecture on Wednesday, and every pew was filled. In the pew of the left aisle sat Mr. Thomas Miller, Mrs. Ireland, Mr. Skerrett and family, Colonel Madeira, Mr. John Wood and his four sons and daughter, Mr. Denning, Mr. John Woodbridge, Mr. Gilmore and family. In front, on the opposite side, were Colonel Bond, Mr. Kendrick, Judge Reeves, and the McArthurs. On the east side were the pews of Colonel Swearengen, Mr. Luckett, John Marfield, William Creighton, Mr. James, Richard Douglas, Dr. Watts, and Mr. Stewart. In front was the rectory pew, and Mr. S. W. Ely's. The young men's pew was a little back. In it sat Colonel Taylor, whom all remember for his polite, court-

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eous manners. At one time three others sat with him, one of whom was Lieutenant Ewell, afterwards a distinguished Confederate general, successor to Stonewall Jackson. There were also the pews of Dr. Foulke, Wm. H. Safford, Mr. Sawyer, Wm. H. Douglas, John Watt, Mrs. Fairbanks, and others whom space forbids me to enumerate.

The organ was played and the choir led by a fascinating German lady, Madame Walters, who introduced a hymn-book called *The Church Choir* in place of *Mason's Collections.* Many choice sentences and chants were learned, and the "Grand Te Deum" was sung for the first time. The choir was splendidly voiced, and all sang at the top of their lungs. Madame Walters, with both hands on the keys, would in vain turn her head from side to side imploring a pianissimo. Our fine tenor, Mr. John Scott, fairly rose on his toes, and the deep bass voices of Messrs. Evans and Robert Jordan, with

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the full baritones of Albert Douglas, Wm. James, and John Bennett made the walls resound. Madame Walters would throw her voice to any part to regulate pitch and time. The choir rehearsals were very delightful. In winter they were held at different houses, and after the church music was learned some popular glees came in.

Trimming the church at Christmas was a grand festival, and the long green ropes were made in such abundance and were so firm and round that they could be twined around the lamp posts, which were at that time on either side aisle, and about the Gothic arches back of the pulpit. The walls were hung with them from ceiling to floor; there were twinkling stars and crosses and "Hosannas" across the gallery. The church was crowded on Christmas Eve, and "Shout the glad tidings" resounded and thrilled every hearer. The children at a given time timidly left their own pews and solemnly deposited their

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ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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offerings on the altar table. Our rector always rose to the occasion and gave his best on Christmas Day; no one was absent, and every voice joined in the glad praises.

Of the members of the choir mentioned, Mr. John Scott married Margaret, one of the beautiful Misses McKee, who came from Philadelphia about that time. The sister, Elizabeth, who sang in the choir, married Edward Adams, who was for a long time the Superintendent of the Sunday-school. Wm. James married Lucy Dun and removed to Missouri. Mr. Jordan also moved away. Mr. Douglas we still have among us, and he always aids the service of prayer and praise with his rich voice.* Mr. John Bennett left us and joined the Methodists. But I must hasten on.

The rectory was built about this time, and in 1843 ground was purchased to be used by the church as a cemetery. It is

* Since going to press we regret to record the death of Mr. Douglas, which occurred on the 22d of April.

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now known as "Grand View." The first interment there was that of Wm. Britton, the father of the Rev. James B. Britton. Under his auspices a chapel was built on Church Street.

The Rev. L. W. Freeman was rector from 1849 to 1866. Among the vestrymen in those days were John Madeira, S. W. Ely, O. T. Reeves, Robert Denning, N. W. Thatcher, John Marfield, L. W. Foulke, A. Spencer Nye, Albert Douglas, Wm. H. Safford, and R. H. Lansing.

The Rev. George W. Dubois, a son-in-law of Bishop McIlvaine was in charge from 1857 to 1862. He took temporary leave to become a chaplain in the army. On January 13, 1858, he officiated at a most impressive, touching service, the funerals of Mrs. James Swearengen and Mrs. Richard Douglas, two of the most prominent ladies in the church and life-long friends. The church was appropriately draped in mourning for the occasion. Mrs. Games, aged eighty-three, long a

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beneficiary of the church (which position she maintained with great dignity), died in 1858.

I should like to speak of the faithful superintendents of the Sunday-school, Messrs. Skerrett, Denning, and Lansing; of the organists, Bragleman and Collins; of the richly blending voices of Miss Fairbanks and Miss Emma Pinto,—they have long since passed away; and of Miss Hattie Holcomb's long and faithful work in the Sunday-school, choir, and church. She too is gone. The alms-basins now in use were carved and presented by her.

But I must limit myself to the first fifty years of the parish history, hoping that later times will be as fondly remembered. I will merely name in their order the successive rectors of St. Paul's to the present day: James B. Britton, to 1868; William B. Brittain, to 1871; A. R. Stewart, to 1876; Charles L. Fischer, to 1893; Edgar G. Murphy, commenced in 1894. "May he long be the last."

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THE CHILLICOTHE FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE pioneer settlers of Chillicothe, as a class, were men of culture and refinement, and were anxious that their children should be well educated, so, about 1830, they hailed with delight the arrival of two New England ladies, Miss Eunice Strong, and Miss Cassandra Sawyer, who proposed establishing a boarding school for young women. The school was very successful but of short duration as the principals soon married, and went away from Chillicothe.

The Rev. John Pomeroy then became the principal; Miss Stearns, a graduate of Ipswich Seminary, was his assistant in the senior classes; and the Misses Cushing, taught the primary department. Mr.

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Pomeroy's health failed, and the next year, Miss Stearns became the head of the school, and Miss Sophia Lyman was her assistant. Miss Allen had charge of the primary school. The beauty and charm of manner of Miss Lyman brought her hosts of admirers but Dr. Wm. Fullerton won the prize, and she exchanged the school-room for a home in our midst, where she was much admired and beloved, and where she spent a long and useful life.

Now commenced a new era for the school. Miss Stearns was a power for good in the community, and I doubt if any teacher was ever more beloved by her scholars; they fairly worshipped her. She had peculiar ideas, and was quaint, both in manners and dress; but a more sensible, genial woman never lived. One of her peculiar notions was never to reprove or advise a scholar in the presence of a third person. She had a set of maxims for governing the conduct of her scholars,

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and these were repeated every Friday evening. The school was very large, and consisted principally of day scholars, although a great many pupils came from all parts of Ohio. It was famed throughout the region, for the thoroughness of its instruction and for its moral standard. Miss Stearns believed in giving her pupils all the pleasure possible in their school life, and many were the winter afternoons, in which, accompanied by a teacher, the scholars had a delightful time, skating and sliding on the ice of the river, or being drawn in chairs by some of the gentlemen of the town, especially by Gen. James Worthington, who took as much pleasure in it as the girls.

School always closed earlier on Friday afternoon, and a coterie of girls, Elizabeth Hoffman, Hester McLean, Dorothy Renick, Lucy Carlisle, Louisa and Emily Jones, Lucy Dun, Lucy Waddle, Virginia Walke, and Jane McCoy, who were always together in mischief and play, as

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well as in study, would ramble over the hills for wild flowers, of which there was a great abundance. They generally closed their walks with an evening of pleasure at Mr. George Renick's, on top of the hill, or at Mr. McLean's, who resided where Judge Safford now lives, or at Mrs. Hoffman's, Major Mason's present place.

Again, a Saturday would be spent by scholars and teachers at Mr. Walke's a little way from the town. Miss Margaret Worthington would occasionally invite the school to Adena, for a day. We walked out, two and two, through the town, and up the hill, to be greeted with motherly tenderness by Mrs. Worthington, and then the delights of a day in the beautiful garden—the orchard, the swings, the games of tag, etc. with Mr. William and Gen. James. A bountiful dinner was always provided, to which hungry girls did full justice, and at its close was the pleasant walk home. Oh!

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those were bright spots in our existence, and were happy, happy, days.

The school was held in a house on East Fifth Street, on the lot now owned by Mr. Mytinger. At first it was a two-story frame house, of two rooms above and two below, with porches on the side. In a short time, it became too crowded for comfort, and a front was added consisting of a hall, and a room for the primary department below, and one large room upstairs, the whole length of the building, for the more advanced pupils. This was reached by stairs from the porch, and gave a class room, a music room, and a chemistry room which were well equipped.

The following year, Miss Stearns was assisted by Miss Adams, Miss Smith, and Miss Allen, and for a short time by Miss Phœbe Cook (now Mrs. McKell). The school was as prosperous as ever and had a firm hold on the hearts of the people.

Monday morning was devoted to the

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study of the Bible, and each scholar was required to give the text, and as much as she could remember of the sermon she had heard the day before. Then followed the reading of compositions on a given subject, that had been written on Saturday, this was a great trial to some of the pupils. Examinations were held at the close of the year and were attended by all the ladies and gentlemen of the town; every one was at liberty to ask the pupils any questions on their lessons; and rarely did they fail in answering correctly, so well were they rooted and grounded. The girls were all in their best attire, and Miss Stearns, in her yellow crêpe turban, with a rosette on one side, presided with dignity, proud of the proficiency of her pupils.

The last year that Miss Stearns had charge of the Seminary her young brother, Timothy, a theological student, was with her and they conducted the school together very successfully. It was Miss Stearns's

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proud boast, and she feelingly impressed it on her scholars, that her brother had "never told an untruth." He was impervious to all the charms of the young ladies, with the exception of one, Miss Catherine Taylor, of Athens, whom he afterwards married. Miss Stearns, too, had become a captive to the "god of Love," but her fiancé, Mr. Robert Kercheval, died and she could remain here no longer. Miss Swift then took the school, with Miss Fitch as assistant. After Miss Swift's return to New England, Miss Nancy Tuck, with the two Misses Clark, took the management under brighter auspices; for the "New Seminary," as it was called, was then built. Miss Tuck remained about three years; she had able assistants in Miss Clark and Miss Wheelock, and an admirable school, but left, finally, to build up a school in Louisville. Some years later she married, but soon died, leaving, however, a lasting remembrance in the hearts of all her pupils. How few there

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are left of the many who listened to her instructions! but five or six remain; nearly all have passed away.

Mr. Wm. Howard, his wife, and sister next took charge of the school, and opened a boarding house, in the building on Fourth Street, afterwards occupied by Mr. John Dun. The school was quite successful for a time but the glory had departed, and the "Chillicothe Female Seminary" was broken up by his leaving, never again to be the pride of Chillicothe.

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THE CAMPAIGN OF 1840, AND THE GREAT FIRE OF 1852.

I am asked to give my personal recollections of two events in the history of Chillicothe. First—The political campaign of 1840 in Ohio. The statement must be only in part, otherwise 't would be too long a story. It was a campaign of the "outs" against the "ins"; of those opposed to the then administration, against its incumbents and supporters. The "out" party bore the name "Whig," as indicative of their opposition to the "in" party. One of the derivations of the word "Whig" traces it to the same root with the word "whey," a mixture of sour milk and water. If this be correct, the word was not ill chosen to fit a party made up of those who had *soured* on the government.

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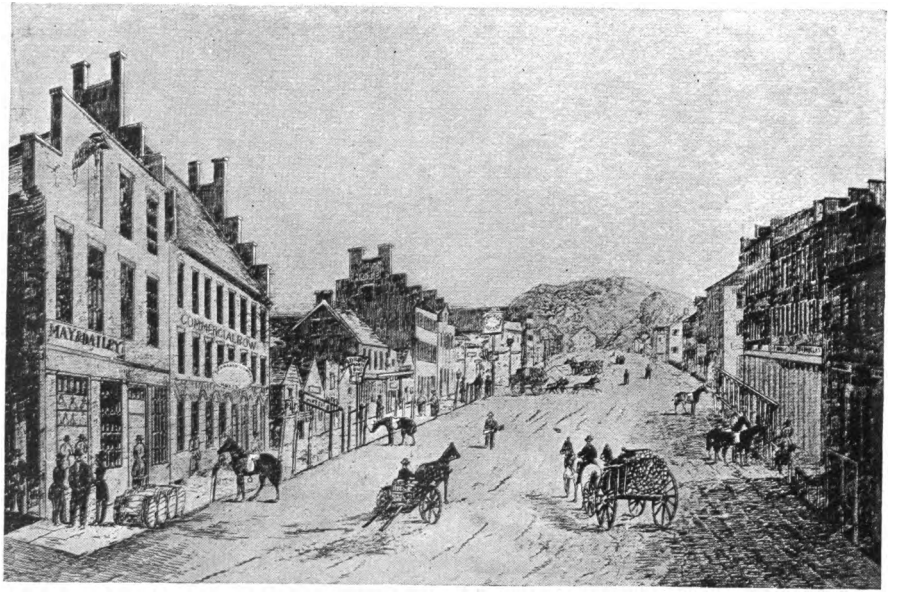

PAINT STREET IN 1830.

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The old Republicans or Jeffersonian Democrats had been in power ever since the downfall of the Federalists in the year 1800. The administration of John Quincy Adams, from 1824 to 1828, was hardly an exception, for it was supported by Mr. Clay and many others of the old democracy, but the great majority of the Democrats were against Clay. General Jackson was the popular favorite. He was President for eight years, when his mantle fell on Martin Van Buren, for four years, but his shoulders were not broad enough to uphold the popular garment, and disaffection broke out all over the country, so that the Whig party in 1840, at the end of Mr. Van Buren's first term, was made up of many heterogeneous elements, embracing anti-Masons, the old Henry Clay Whigs, the disaffected Democrats in Virginia and the South, as well as in New York and New England, and especially in the Great West.

They sought a man to head their ticket

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who possessed the elements of popularity everywhere; and for second place, one who would draw votes from the old Jackson party. They found the former in General William H. Harrison of Ohio, and the latter in John Tyler of Virginia. No platform of principles was adopted, but the disasters which followed the panic of 1837, as a result of the financial policy of the government, were relied upon to turn the people against the authors of that change. Harrison had been for a half-century identified with the West, first as an officer in the United States Army, with the rank of Captain, and Commandant at Fort Washington (Cincinnati), and then successively, as Secretary of the Northwest Territory, Delegate to Congress, Governor of Indiana, and the General-in-Chief of the Northwestern Army in the War of 1812. He had fought a successful battle with the Indians in November, 1811, at Tippecanoe on the Wabash River. He had defeated the British General, Proctor, in October, 1813, in a

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decisive battle in which Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian Chief, was killed, and had filled many positions afterward with honor to himself and benefit to his country. He was now leading a very quiet life, performing the duties of Clerk of the Court in Cincinnati, while his home, I think, was at North Bend.

The nominations of Harrison and Tyler, in December, 1839, started a wave of popular enthusiasm which swept away, apparently, all opposition. The supporters of Mr. Van Buren stood dumbfounded. They smiled derisively at the Whigs, and made some attempts to stem the tide; but it was in vain. The burst of enthusiasm in Ohio at the Young Men's Whig Convention, held at Columbus on February 22, 1840, when Tom Corwin was nominated for Governor, and John Sherman made what, I suppose, was his maiden political speech, started the ball. Very soon

> "Music swelled the breeze
> And burst from all the trees."

One could hardly tell whether shouting

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or singing would carry the day. Good humor was the prevailing feature; grotesqueness next. Such processions were never seen before, or since.

Tremendous structures on wheels, Log Cabins in particular, adorned with coon-skins and other reminders of the first settlement of the country, were in the long lines. On one occasion in Columbus, Charles Anthony, a distinguished lawyer of Springfield, Ohio, a large and portly man, was seen on top of a log cabin crunching ginger-bread and drinking hard cider. In the vicinity of the canals, boats were largely used for transportation of the noisy crowds. I remember one occasion when the boats, bringing the Chillicotheans home from the capital, rounded the turn of the canal at the north end of Walnut Street; I was walking on Water Street with my father, a sedate man, who rarely gave vent to any enthusiasm on the public street. As the songs and shouts broke forth, "For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,"

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it was too much for his sobriety, and for the only time in his life that I ever witnessed, he swung his hat in the air and hurrahed with the rest.

Log cabins, with the famous latch-string always out, were built in almost every voting precinct. We had one here at the southwest corner of Main and Paint Streets. I should say that it was fifty feet wide and a hundred feet long, with an immense national flag floating over it, where, it seemed to me, Whig meetings were in perpetual session.

The Democrats tried to break the force of the overflowing tide by alleging that General Harrison's mind was weakened by the infirmities of age. To rebut this, the Whig leaders thought it best to put him on exhibition, and for the first time in the history of our elections, a presidential candidate was heard upon the stump. Chillicothe was one of the points at which he was heard. He came accompanied by Ex-Governor Metcalf of Kentucky, clad

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in a buckskin hunting-shirt, and by Colonel Todd, one of his old staff officers in the war of 1812 and '13. The town was filled to overflowing. Every house was open, unbounded hospitality was the order of the day and night. The General and his suite came here from Hillsboro, accompanied by Ex-Governor Trimble and others of that town. The people, pouring in from the country, followed in his wake and made an immense incoming procession. Some of the Hillsboro people were to be my father's guests. They were, some of them, in the same carriage with the General, and when it stopped at our door to let them out, the General arose, took off his hat and made a profound bow to the ladies. That seeming condescension made a never-to-be forgotten impression upon them.

The speech-making was in the Sugar Grove where the Eastern School-building now stands. The whole square was then vacant, with the exception of the three-story cotton factory at the corner of Main

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and Hickory Streets. The trees gave a delightful shade and shelter from the mid-summer sun. The whole square and the adjacent streets were filled with the listening multitude. General William S. Murphy, whom we deemed, and called, the Patrick Henry of the West, made the address of welcome. At the time of presenting Colonel Croghan with a sword for his gallant defence of Fort Stevenson in 1813, a story was started that the ladies had proposed presenting Harrison with a petticoat, but these self-same ladies indignantly denied the story, and on this occasion presented the General with a cane cut from the Tippecanoe battle-ground, with a bullet imbedded in its head. General Harrison's was the speech of the day. His clear ringing voice was heard by all the vast multitude, as he drew a picture of the party in power, whom he charged with usurping the name while betraying the principles of *the Simon Pure* Democracy whose candidate he was.

Other conventions were held elsewhere;

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that at Urbana was the first, that at Dayton the largest; its numbers were put at two hundred thousand.

Drollery, fun, almost lunacy, were conspicuous. The campaign may have been without *reason*, but not without *rhyme*. The doggeral fever broke out with

> "Farewell, old Van!
> You 're not the man
> To guide the ship.
> We 'll try old Tip"—

and "in the full tide of successful experiment" inquired to the tune of "The little pig's tail,"

> "What has caused this great commotion—motion, motion
> Our Country through?
> It is the ball that 's rolling on,—on—on,
> For Tippecanoe and Tyler too! For Tippecanoe and Tyler too!
> And with them we 'll beat little Van.
> Van! Van! is a used up man
> And with them we 'll beat little Van."

A hundred like rhymes rush on my mem-

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ory, but want of space forbids repeating them.

Two lessons may be learned from this campaign. First, that the people when aroused can do what they please; second, that the cause of their rising may not always be the just subject of their indignation, for although the change in financial policy which resulted in the establishment of the U. S. Independent Treasury, brought on a disastrous monetary panic, yet that policy has been acquiesced in, and followed by all parties down to the present day as the wisest and best.

THE GREAT FIRE.

It began at about 11 A.M. in a carpenter shop on the alley between Second and Water Streets, west of Walnut Street, opposite the stable attached to the Clinton Hotel. A bunch of shavings pushed into a stove, an accumulation of smoke and gas bursting open the stove door and scattering the fire among the shavings on

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the floor,—the shop in flames,—the Hotel stable next, and then the Hotel itself; the canal empty, no water nearer than the Scioto River beneath the steep bank north of the canal; the hurried placing of a hand fire-engine between the canal and river and an attempt to throw water from it upon the fire; a high and mighty wind, driving the men from the engine and consuming the latter, or else causing it to be rolled into the river to prevent its destruction (I forget which), and carrying flakes of fire with terrific speed upon all the town lying eastward; a mad impressment of vehicles of every sort to save furniture and merchandise from the houses that lay in the pathway of the flames; consternation on every face, hurrying to and fro, in the effort to save something; blank despair, as the flame sped relentlessly on with flash and roar, and the occasional bursting of cans of powder in stores that dared such hazard, until at last as evening came on, the wind ceased, and the fire

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stopped somewhere west of Hickory Street, almost for want of food within its path.

Such was the story told me on my return to Chillicothe on the evening of that fateful day. I had been absent at Court in Fayette County and had ridden across into Madison County on some business matter. Returning homeward, I noticed from the high plain above the North Fork of Paint Creek, this side of Bloomingburgh, in the direction of Chillicothe, a great cloud of smoke. I thought it very large but concluded it came from the burning of brushwood and cornstalks by the farmers along the Paint Creek or North Fork bottoms.

At Frankfort I stopped for horse feeding, and to take dinner, and afterward mounted for a leisurely homeward ride. After passing the Cory hill, I met a man with a wagon and team, who stopped to ask me whether I were going to Chillicothe? I said, "Yes." "You need n't go,

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said he, "for Chillicothe is all burned up." It was April 1st, and concluding that I was sought to be made the victim of the day, I rode on, with just curiosity enough to ask the next person I met about the fire. He told me of its location and extent, and as it began near my own little home on Second Street, and as the homes and business of many relatives and friends were directly in its path, I lost no further time but galloped my horse until I reached the town. The shades of night had gathered over the scene, but the ground in the fire's way was lurid with glowing embers and low shooting flames, and the people everywhere were busy watching against a renewal of the conflagration, or in providing food and shelter for those who had been made houseless and homeless. That night was marked by many sleepless eyes.

The next few days were busy with preparation for rebuilding and for the resumption of business. Temporary quar-

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ters were soon found for our shopmen and merchants. Creditors were generous and indulgent; new credits were given, new and better buildings were erected, and a prosperity seemingly greater than before attended us. *But it was only seeming.* Pay-day had to come some time. It was postponed and delayed by renewals and expedients of all sorts, for a score of years; our business men falling, one by one, from year to year, until about all the old men were gone and their places filled by the energetic youth who went into the war of the rebellion almost as boys, but came out thoughtful and disciplined men.

May our Heavenly Father save us from another calamity like that of the Great Fire of April 1, 1852.

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PRESENTATION OF CANE TO GENERAL HARRISON.

THE greatest crowd of people ever assembled in Chillicothe, so the historian tells us, was in 1840, during one of the most exciting political campaigns ever waged in the United States. The victorious hero of the campaign, Gen. William Henry Harrison was the central figure of that mighty concourse.

The people came from the four quarters to a three days' convention, to do honor to the gallant hero of Tippecanoe. It was a tidal-wave of enthusiasm, arising in the West and sweeping with majestic, resistless force across the entire nation.

On the second day of the convention, September 17, 1840, the town was a-blaze with an enthusiasm never seen

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before or afterward—an enthusiasm that found vent in a demonstration without a parallel in the fair Valley of the Scioto. The masses fell into line, in a grand triumphal procession extending more than a league, formed of carriages in double file and sometimes three abreast, and of horsemen eight abreast, interspersed with bands of music, and gay with banners, and marched to receive General Harrison and to escort him into the city.

Speaking of this occasion the historian says :

" But one only of the animating scenes of those days so full of dramatic situations and eloquent words, stands related to the honor done in the same city, to the hero of Fort Stephenson. Ten ladies, survivors of the honored thirty-seven, who had presented the sword to Major Croghan in 1813, presented to General Harrison an historic cane.

" The following was the inscription upon the cane :

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"'Cut on the Tippecanoe battle-ground, May 29, 1840, by Jesse Walton, of Virginia; presented by him to J. Madeira; by him to Jane McCoy, Eleanor Worthington, Jane M. Evans, Margaret McLandburgh, Eliza Creighton, Elizabeth Carlisle, Nancy Waddle, Rebecca M. Orr, Ruhamah Irwin, Ann Creighton, of Chillicothe, and by them to Gen. William H. Harrison, as a mark of their respect for his military and civil character, Chillicothe, September 17, 1840.'"

John Carlisle, Senior, who came to Chillicothe, in 1798, was put forward by the townspeople as their spokesman on this occasion. Mr. Carlisle presented the cane to General Harrison, concluding his eloquent speech in these words:

"And, sir, when our political battle shall have been fought and won; when you enter the presidential mansion, be pleased to take with you this staff, as a remembrance of those surviving ladies of Chillicothe (who have been maliciously,

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and falsely charged with censuring your military character), as a mark of high estimation in which they hold the important services you have rendered your country, in war and in peace. It was cut from one of the fields of your glory. It grew on the battle-ground of Tippecanoe, and bears the marks of that battle—a ball in the head. As the honored representative of these ladies, I present it to you."

The selection of Mr. Carlisle as the speaker of the occasion, was most appropriate, as politically, he was a figure of the most stalwart type. He was a warm friend of Henry Clay, and the Henry Clay badge worn by him (still treasured as a family heirloom) is made of white satin, seven and one half inches long, and four inches wide, and bears a fine portrait of "Harry of the West."

He was an enthusiastic Whig, and an incident illustrative of his strong political feeling is related of him as follows: A Democratic newspaper was lying on the

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store counter, and a friend requested him to hand it to him. Mr. Carlisle arose, walked to the fireplace, and picking up the paper with the tongs gingerly passed it to the visitor.

He is remembered as having always worn the old-fashioned queue; every day to the time of his death, he had Uncle Jimmie Richards come and dress his hair, and would intrust this important duty to no one else.

JOHN CARLISLE, SEN.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THERE is no written record of the first Catholics in Chillicothe, or when, where, and by whom the holy sacrifice of the Mass was first offered upon its present site.

Unless the Scioto Valley is an exception to the earliest appearance of the white man in every accessible portion of the Great Northwest, it is not improbable that some zealous missionary of the Church, pushing his way through the tangled woodland, stopped in the shadow of Logan, and with the overspreading boughs of the tall trees for his sanctuary, a wayside rock for his altar, intoned his offering to the Almighty in presence of the wondering red men.

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It is not known whether any communicants of the Faith were with Massie and his brave band. History is silent as to the initial footprint of Catholicity in Chillicothe before the first decade of the present century.

The traditions handed down and the recollections presented to our generation make it certain, however, that for many years before the thirties the children of Mother Church, in numbers not exceeding half a dozen families, gathered together regularly on Sundays under a common roof and without a resident minister of their faith, recited the prayers and performed the devotions of their religion.

Twice or three times a year during this period the little colony of the faithful were fortunate in having within their midst, for a few days at a time, a passing Jesuit or a Dominican missionary.

As was the custom and necessity in those days, the travelling Father came and went on horseback. In his saddle-bags were

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carried the altar-stone, chalice, crucifix, vestments, missal, and candles. His presence made known in the community, the isolated flock gathered to hear his words of comfort and to assist at the Mass. Instructions to both the young and old were given, and before he left for another locality similarly situated, the nucleus of the forming congregation in Chillicothe had received the sacraments of the Church.

This state of affairs continued until about the year 1830, when the increase of population and the growing flood of immigration found a full hundred Catholics in the ancient metropolis.

In those days Martin Bauman was the Boniface of the Washington House, an hotel on Deer Creek Street (now Park Street), facing the present location of the gas works. To his piety, generosity, and strong faith the church owes a debt of everlasting gratitude. It would be unjust to the memory of Mrs. Dennis McConnell, whose aid was ever forthcoming at that

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period, not to divide with her the praise just given to that generous Catholic pioneer.

At that time the Dominicans had established their Mother House at Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, and at regular intervals the spiritual wants of the Chillicothe colony were ministered to by the followers of St. Dominic, who held their services in the hostelry of the patriarchal Bauman.

The name of Father Baden, the first priest ordained in the United States, should not be omitted in these recollections of the early days. There are those living who met and knew this wonderful man. There was hardly a bridle-path in Ohio during the first half-century of its statehood over which Father Baden had not passed. The pioneers of Chillicothe, irrespective of creed, learned to reverence this Apostle of the Middle States. Fearless, rugged, and of a strong personality, he went from cabin to village, fanning the embers of Christianity into an inextin-

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guishable flame, and planting the seed of his faith in the hearts of the remaining aborigines.

From the records in the possession of St. Peter's Church of Chillicothe, it is learned that during the period from 1830 to the summer of 1837, Fathers Zadoc Allemany, Samuel Mazzuchelli, and Nicholas P. Young, Dominican Friars, were among the priests who said Mass at the Washington House and attended to the needs of the colony. Father Allemany was afterwards made the Archbishop of San Francisco, and became the greatest churchman on the Pacific Coast. Father Young was consecrated Bishop, and presided over the diocese of Erie, Pennsylvania.

On the 7th of June, 1837, Father Henry D. Juncker, afterwards Bishop of Alton, Illinois, was sent by Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, to Chillicothe, as its first resident pastor, and he immediately began his labors to establish the faith. The

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present home of the widow and children of the late Matthias Bonner, on South Walnut Street, was then owned by the Episcopalians, and used by them as their place of worhip. In passing, it is of interest to note that this building was the first Episcopal church erected west of the Alleghany Mountains. Shortly after Father Juncker's arrival, the Catholic congregation purchased it, and gave it the name of St. Mary's Church. Prominent among its laity were Martin Bauman, Marshal Anderson, John McNally, Roger and Charles Cull, Michael Rigney, George and Fred Barman. Father Juncker continued in charge of the affairs of the church until July, 1845, assisted, however, at various times by Father Edward Purcell, a brother of the ruling Bishop, Father Amadeus Rappe, who later became Bishop of Cleveland, Father H. B. Butler, afterwards Vicar-General of Covington, and Father J. B. Emig of the Society of Jesus.

In 1843, the congregation had increased

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to such a size that it was found necessary to secure other quarters. Accordingly, in that year a lot was purchased on the corner of Water and Church Streets, and the corner-stone, of what is now St. Peter's Church, was laid. By the fall of 1846, the edifice was completed, with the Rev. Otto H. Borgess, uncle of Bishop Borgess of Detroit, as the pastor.

Father Borgess was succeeded, in 1847, by the Jesuits, among whom were Fathers Kolcher, De Hope, Tschieder, and Carroll. Within three years from the completion of the new church, the Jesuits had increased their flock to such an extent that it was deemed best to organize another congregation. The building on Walnut Street was still in possession of St. Peter's congregation, and to it returned about a dozen families, with Father Carroll, S. J., as pastor.

Prominent in aiding and promoting the new St. Mary's Church, were, so say its records, Marshall Anderson, Jacob Eich-

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enlaub, James Scully, Roger and Charles Cull, Andrew Malone, Dr. T. McNally, Edward, Peter, and James Carville, Wm. B. Hanley, John Reily, John Poland and his two sons, Patrick and William. The rapid growth of the Church in Chillicothe can be justly attributed to the untiring zeal of the Jesuit Fathers. During their stay there were always two or more of their number present. Not content with working within the city, they began to seek for conversions in the country round about. On the Waverly Turnpike, below Massieville, stands St. Xavier's Mission Church, now almost in ruins, which they erected, and to which, while they remained in Chillicothe, a hundred souls went to worship. In Harrison Township, near Londonderry, another mission, with a church named St. Mary's, was established.

During the two years of Father Carroll's pastorate of St. Mary's, the congre-

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gation increased so rapidly that it again became necessary to secure a larger edifice. Before this was accomplished the Jesuits were called from Chillicothe, Father Carroll afterwards becoming Bishop of the Covington Diocese.

Father Thomas Boulger succeeded, and, in 1852, the Methodist Church on the north side of Second Street, between Walnut and Paint Streets, was purchased. In 1854, Father Boulger gave way to the Rev. M. Ford, who in a year was succeeded by the Rev. J. N. Thisse; the latter remained until 1860, when the Rev. Michael Kennedy assumed charge. In 1863, Rev. T. J. Tierney became pastor, but he died in office on the 6th of September, 1865. During his pastorate the congregation determined to build a church suitable not only for their present wants, but one that would accommodate their increasing numbers for many years to come. Shortly before the death of Father Tierney, the property on the southeast

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corner of Fourth and Paint Streets was purchased from the Sisters of Notre Dame, who had for many years used it as an academy for young ladies.

Father John B. Murray was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Father Tierney. He immediately assumed the work of erecting the church as contemplated by his predecessor. On the first anniversary of the latter's death, the corner-stone was laid, and in 1869 the building was completed. For the ground, structure, and furnishings, over $75,000.00 was collected and expended. Father Murray remained until June, 1883. Father Jeremiah A. Murray assisted his brother in the latter years of his pastorate. Father John B. Murray is at present the rector of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of Cincinnati. Chillicothe has, probably, never had a pastor so beloved by his flock, and a churchman so universally respected by the citizens of all denominations. This sketch will not permit of the space that would

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necessarily be given in extolling his good work. The existing missions at Frankfort and at Waverly were founded by him.

During the following three months, Father Patrick Cusack was pastor, being succeeded in September by the Rev. James J. O'Donohue. Four years later the Rev. Patrick A. Quinn, a dean of the Diocese, was appointed, and served until the 23d of September, 1889, when the present incumbent, the Rev. Alfred D. Dexter became pastor. In the last year of Father Quinn's service, his failing health necessitated the presence of an assistant. This position was filled by the Rev. John Hickey. Father Hickey comes of a religious family, having four brothers who are priests, and a sister a nun. The congregation at present numbers over 160 families.

In 1849, when the English-speaking communicants of St. Peter's Church returned to St. Mary's on Walnut Street,

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Fathers Koelcher and De Hope, of the Society of Jesus, remained. St. Peter's has ever since been known as the German Catholic Church.

On the 21st of September, 1851, Father Edward Lieb became the pastor. He had been an Austrian Capuchin, and for seven years lived in the royal Court at Vienna, as tutor to Maximilian, whose pathetic ending in Mexico is an event in our century. Father Lieb was an accomplished linguist and a noted authority on Canon Law. He served until November 23, 1881. During the closing years of his pastorate, he was assisted by the Rev. F. Mesmer.

Rev. Ernest Windthorst, who succeeded Father Lieb, is a nephew of the late Herr Windthorst, the great Catholic leader in the Reichstag. While in Chillicothe, the Holy See conferred on him the title of Monsignor, making him a member of the Papal household. Mgr. Windthorst is a scholarly gentleman, and was both rever-

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enced by his parishioners and esteemed by the citizens generally.

The present incumbent is Rev. Wm. B Miggeel. The congregation numbers over 180 families. St. Mary's and St. Peter's Churches have had, from their organization, parochial schools for boys and girls. The Sisters of Notre Dame, of Mercy, and of St. Joseph have been, at different times, the teachers.

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AN OLD HISTORIC HOME.

THE first deed on record for this property was from General Massie to John McCoy. In 1804, John McCoy deeded it to Thomas Worthington. The third deed was from Thomas Worthington, in 1805, to Nathaniel Willis. I do not know who built the original house. Willis was the father of N. P. Willis and the founder of the *Scioto Gazette*. In 1809, he deeded back to Worthington, and in 1810, Worthington deeded to Jesse Spencer. In Southard's records, Jesse Spencer, Register of the land office, lived in a two-story brick house on Fifth Street, west of the Academy lot. In 1812, Spencer sold to Anthony Walke. When Commodore Henry Walke last vis-

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ited Chillicothe, he spoke of his brother Thomas having been born here, and also about his playing ball on the ground west of the house, and jumping Honey Creek.

In 1815, Mr. Walke sold to Thomas James, who resided here for fifty years. Mr. James's first wife was a sister of General Massie; she died early, leaving four children,—Thomas, Nathaniel, Ann, and Charlotte. Mr. James again married. The second wife was Miss Jane Claypoole, a lady of fine presence, who presided over his hospitable house with grace and dignity. Mr. Claypoole, Mrs. James's father, came from Philadelphia to take the presidency of the United States Bank. He had several sons and daughters, who were great additions to the society of Chillicothe. One child Eliza (Mrs. Carson), was noted for her intellectual qualities. Charlotte James lived most of the time with her uncle, Henry Massie, in Louisville, Kentucky. Thomas died in early boyhood. Nat lived to man's estate and died here in his father's house about 1835.

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He came home from Cincinnati ill, and the next day broke out with varioloid. His sister Charlotte was to be married in a week. As all the preparations were made, Mrs. James decided to have the wedding at the appointed time. Nat was isolated in a bedroom in the back part of the house. The day after the wedding he died. His father was constant in attendance on him, and he and Mr. Peet, the Episcopal minister, were the sole attendants at his funeral. Ann, beautiful and accomplished, married Nathaniel Pendleton of Cincinnati.

Mr. James was social and hospitable. Mrs. James, a queen of society, entertained a great deal. Her sons were, Abram, William, Anvil, Louis, and Edmund. The daughters were Elizabeth, now Mrs. John Dun of Columbus; Jane, Mrs. Thompson of Baltimore; Gertrude, who died young; and Mary, Mrs. Massie and afterwards Mrs. Colonel Cochran of Virginia. Mr. James built additions to the house as the needs of his family required,

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and, finally, in 1838, he built a new front consisting of two rooms and a hall. The stone arch that framed in the transom of the front door was left intact, and now forms a fine feature of the hall. Mrs. James ornamented the lawn with fine shrubbery and lovely roses; she also had a fine garden stocked with fruit. The lot extended from 5th Street to 7th Street, and from the school lot to Walnut Street. After Mr. James's death, Mrs. James continued to live in the house until her death. Then the property was sold, in 1867, to Wesley Claypool, and again in 1879 to M. Scott Cook. The old part of the house still remains in good preservation, and the old fashioned pump with its big stock and large iron handle, is still standing in the rear of the house. The house has been the scene of many changes, and has a history unequalled in Chillicothe. The many gay scenes and lovely parties enacted in it, would make interesting history, even to the ghost that occasionally makes visits to its inmates.

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A SOCIETY SKETCH.

1830–1850.

AN evening party in the yesterdays was a far more stately and ceremonious occasion than it is now; no such frivolity as small tables, served plates, and courses would have been tolerated, for form and ceremony were much more important factors in society at that time.

When all the guests had assembled there were to be seen the girls—were *ever* girls so lovely!—with fair white necks and dimpled arms, rising from clouds of misty white muslin or billows of foaming white tarleton (white and muslins were the proper party wear for young maidens), made with full floating skirts, a plain bodice fastened in the back, the always

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becoming bertha of lace or folds framing the shoulders, the drooping curls or glossy braids, shading the sweetest faces in the world; trains were not for girls, so the little feet stole in and out from the snowy skirts, giving but a glimpse of dainty slipper and clocked stocking. The matrons, equally as much to be admired, were stately in silks, and velvets, and satins, giving life and color to the scene; *they* could wear jewels, rich laces, and nodding plumes, which no maiden could don, and to the utmost did they exercise that prerogative in the Chillicothe of old. And the gentlemen, of them, we can only say they wore the handsomest, most approved evening dress.

At a fixed hour, when the supper was to be served, the doors were opened solemnly, and the tables in all their beauty appeared to view,—*that* sight alone would put to blush the modern fashion of party going. Sometimes the tables were *en évidence* during the whole evening, al-

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though the serving did not begin until a given time. Though less ceremonious, this plan had its advantages, as all the varied beauties could not be taken in at a glance. The snowy damask, sometimes decked with myrtle or ivy tastefully arranged, covered both tables,—for there were always two, either in the same or an adjacent room,—one the supper, and the other the refreshment table.

The centre ornament was always a pyramid; perchance it was of crystal, built of graduated glass stands, each of which was wreathed with green and bore a circle of wine glasses, filled with brilliant sparkling jelly. Or perhaps the pyramid was of fruit, oranges and lemons, with their glossy, dark green leaves interspersed with an occasional spray of the fragrant blossoms. A beautiful one, which lingered in the memory like a picture of rare coloring, had the blushing, wax-like "Lady Apples" peeping through and depending from the shining sprays of myrtle. The

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latter wreathed each stand of the pyramid which held the glittering cut glasses filled with quivering amber jelly. This structure reached the chandelier, from which pendent sprays of myrtle mingled with the wreaths. Each end of the table bore also a pyramid, one of "kisses," and one of maccaroons; both of which were covered with a filmy, misty veil of spun sugar that shimmered and sparkled in the light. The ice-creams were also in the shape of pyramids; while preserves and candies, in flat dishes of cut glass, formed sweet valleys to these delicious mountain peaks. Enormous fruit, bride, and pound cakes were beautifully and elaborately decorated with icing, triumphs of the confectioner's art; and silver baskets twinkled here and there filled with small cakes. These were ornamented with frosting "dots," and melted in one's mouth. Quite as ornamental, in their way, as the dainties named, were the substantials. The pink ham with its shading of feathery parsley was a pic-

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ture; and ivory breast of fowl in delicate slices, a fine contrast to the encircling green; while plates of thinnest bread and butter, and crusty brown rolls, added their low tones to this charming scheme of color.

In a corner of the room, or in a convenient room or hall adjacent, was placed a small, ornamented table bearing quantities of cups and saucers of handsome china and a silver equipage for coffee, piles of plates and saucers, dainty fringed napkins, and heaps of forks and spoons were placed convenient for serving. The tables, glowing with color, and glittering with silver and cut glass, were made still more brilliant by the candelabras, with their twinkling tapers and sparkling prisms, which every moment sent forth rays of ever changing light.

This altar—the description of which is the merest sketch—was presided over by a negro deity, Morris O'Free, who used to appear the day before the festive occa-

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sion, prepare the meats, bake the cakes, arrange for the delicious salad, in fact take full control of everything; and the hostess, knowing everything would be safe in his practised hands, was free to expend her energies in the beautiful decorations. Never another has arisen like unto Morris! The day of the party, with no fuss or worry, everything was made ready by him, even to lighting the candles. At the last moment he filled with lemonade the immense cut-glass bowl which, with its attendant glasses, was placed in the hall; then in ministerial broadcloth and with dignified manner he stood ready to open the door and wave the guests toward the dressing rooms. When the supper was served, Morris was still the presiding deity, and with his assistants, whom he managed so well, he served the guests to the delicacies he had prepared. A "gentleman of the old school was Morris"—may he rest in peace.

Many of these entertainments were

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dancing parties, but when given in households where that amusement was not approved of, the evening was spent in conversation and music.

Mrs. Wills had fine taste in decorating, and would often lend great assistance to her friends, beside entertaining often and handsomely herself; and the bevy of pretty girls she had about her gave an added charm to her parties.

The summer season was especially gay, and, frequently, the parties would be in rapid succession, the great difficulty being to find evenings enough. Mrs. General Murphy gave famous parties; she always had one in strawberry and one in raspberry time. Mrs. Richard Douglas was a delightful hostess, as well as a charming and intellectual woman. Mrs. Jones gave frequent parties for her handsome daughters, and for the many guests who came to the city. Judge Morris's stately daughters gave grace to his entertainments, as did their beautiful descendants in more

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modern times. Mrs. Trimble had many fascinating visitors to give life and charm when she entertained; and one of them, dainty Miss Bettie Atwood, was persuaded by Mr. McClintick to accept a home in Chillicothe.

The house of Mrs. James McLandburgh, with its spacious halls and drawing-rooms, was the scene of many an evening party of wondrous beauty, and its handsome mistress presided charmingly over this hospitable home. Mrs. Humphrey Fullerton's house, with its gay Kentucky guests and lovely daughters, was always popular. Mrs. Atwood gave many delightful parties,—the house-warming, when she entered her new home on the corner of Fifth and Paint Streets, being a most brilliant affair. While her guest, handsome Miss Margaret King was wooed and won,—and as Mrs. Nathaniel Wilson, in later years, herself entertained charmingly.

How delightful, after a drive through the perfumed dusk of a summer night, or

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the cold, white moonlight of winter, the dancing and feasting at Mr. Woodbridge's, —or at the Adams homestead! A brilliant occasion for old and young was the dancing reception that General Greene gave as a house-warming in what is now the Kendrick property. An invitation to one of Mrs. Hoffman's parties was hailed with delight; the Dun families had many delightful entertainments; Mrs. Marfield and Mrs. Ross had charming parties; Mr. Ross, before his own marriage, gave a reception to Mr. Henry McLandburgh and his bride, in his bachelor quarters, which was a notable affair. Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Carson had handsome daughters who made their entertainments bright and vivacious. Colonel Bond's receptions charmed every one; and no dainties, in later years, taste like those which were served at Mrs. Dr. Foulke's parties. Were evenings ever so fascinating as those on which Mrs. Latham gave her famous entertainments! Mrs. Judge Hall of Cincinnati,—a sister of Mrs. Latham, and of

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Gen. Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame,—who visited Chillicothe as a gay, vivacious widow, taking captive all hearts, said many years later: "Those happy, bright days! How charming the lavish hospitality of those dear, old Chillicothe homes —I have never seen such beautiful parties —never met a more delightful society!"

"Those dear, old Chillicothe homes"—*that* part echoes drearily through my heart, for as I recall the old, the original homesteads, that once were radiant with life I can think of but one—the old Fullerton house—which still remains in the old name. True, in Mr. George Renick's old stone house on the hill—the scene of many a youthful frolic,—there are descendants of another name, and also at Fruit Hill and Adena, but in nearly all, the "lights are fled, the garland dead"—only the living flowers bloom still in Memory's fadeless wreath, and

> "Oft in the stilly night,
> E'er slumber's chain hath bound me—
> Fond memory brings the light
> Of other days around me."

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A REMINISCENCE—EMIN BEY'S VISIT.

IN trying to write a little sketch of the visit of Emin Bey and his party to our city, in the fall of 1850, I encountered the old difficulty in getting at the facts of reminiscence. For memories have a way of differing from each other and becoming vague, and I realized how rapidly the past is growing dim and leaving us, and that we must quickly gather the incidents, or they will soon be beyond our reach.

Emin Bey was a man of high rank, and was sent by the Sultan to examine the educational and civic institutions in this country, under the guidance of John Porter Brown, who was admirably fitted for the office, by his long residence in Turkey, and by his familiarity with the language,

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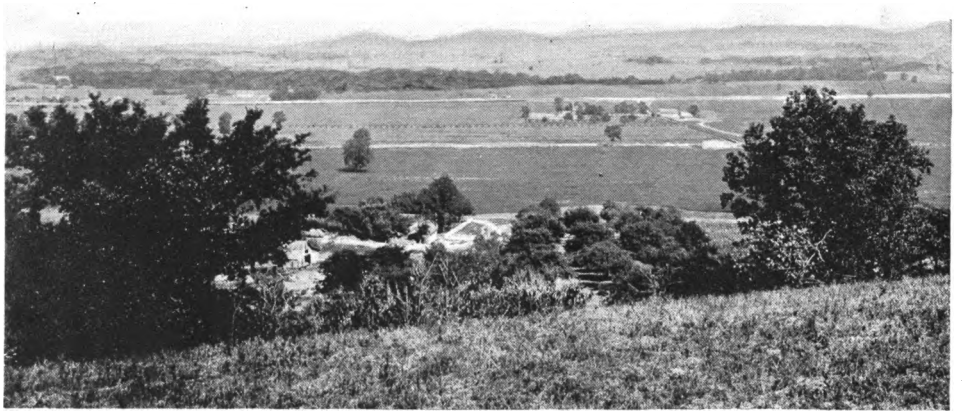

THE SCIOTO VALLEY.

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customs, and needs of that foreign land. But his visit to our city was as a personal friend of Mr. Brown, and partook more of a social nature.

The citizens were delighted to welcome the old friend of their boyhood days, and to bestow on him the honors due his position. So with all the cordial hospitality for which Chillicothe was noted, many homes were thrown open, among them, those of Mr. George Wood, Thomas James, Jacob Atwood, Colonel Madeira, and James McLandburgh. This series of handsome entertainments was interspersed by a number of smaller affairs, and wound up with a large ball at the Athenæum, to which many guests from a distance were invited. The Emin Bey party consisted of Emin Bey, his Secretary, and an attendant; John Porter Brown, Mrs. Brown his mother, and also his wife, who was his cousin, being a daughter of Commodore Porter, and Dr. Bouldin, a half-brother of Mrs. Brown. The latter was so pleased

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with Chillicothe, that he concluded to remain, thinking he would locate permanently. But, whether he was disappointed that Chillicothe did not keep up her lavish entertaining, or received no calls for medical advice, or some fair one refused to smile upon him is not known, but after a stay of several months, he left.

Emin Bey and his Secretary were fine-looking Turks, exceedingly polite and gentlemanly in their manners, and when they donned their native dress, must have presented a picturesque appearance. They, as well as Mr. Brown, were delighted with their reception, were very enthusiastic in expressing their admiration, and showed their appreciation, by bestowing many gifts upon their entertainers; such as handsome Turkey rugs, antique rings, mummy hands, pipes, slippers, and howling dervish images. Some of these things are still found in the families, but most of them, like their owners, are gone.

The party left here, with several Chilli-

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cotheans, in a large four-seated stage, for Portsmouth, where they took a steamboat for Cincinnati. From one of the ladies who was with the party, I learned that it was a bitter cold December morning; there had been rain the day before, and the temperature changing suddenly, every thing was covered with ice glistening in the bright sunshine. It was a new experience for the Turks, who nearly buried themselves in blankets and furs, on the back seat of the stage, so that nothing was visible but a nose and fez. But as the road wound around among the hills across Paint Creek, Emin Bey would brave the keen air and lean forward to gaze with enthusiastic admiration at the glistening spectacle, exclaiming, "Diamonds grow on trees in this country." At every stopping-place, an eager crowd would surround the stage, calling for the "Turks."

It was nearly dark when they reached Portsmouth, where they were evidently

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expected, as the crowd increased at every square, and the sidewalks were thronged when they reached the hotel fronting the river. But owing to the manœuvres of one of the Chillicothe gentlemen, who placed a muff belonging to one of the young ladies on his head (muffs in those days were of enormous size) and looking out of the stage door, first on one side and then on the other, created great excitement among the crowd, Mr. Brown was enabled to get the Turks out of the stage and on to the boat before the crowd realized that they had been fooled. When the young man dropped his grotesque head-gear and tried to appear innocent, the crowd became very angry, threatening to put him in the river, and but for the presence of the ladies, he could not have reached the boat unmolested.

I am sorry that I could not learn some of the details of the reception of the Emin Bey Party when they reached Chillicothe, but beyond the fact that a large delega-

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tion of the most honored citizens met them on the Columbus Pike, near Hopetown, I could learn nothing. It was rather a strange coincidence, that on the spot where John Porter Brown, in his youth, bade good-bye to the kind friends who had persuaded him to break away from his old associations and to join his uncle, Commodore Porter, at Constantinople; on the very spot where they had placed him in the wagon which was to take him to Philadelphia, he was met with all honor on his return to his native city. He must have thought of the contrast in the two events, and we can imagine a feeling of regret that his old friends were not among the number who welcomed him.

I could learn but little about John Porter Brown's early life, for he went away from Chillicothe when a boy just entering his teens. The family lived at the lower end of Paint Street; his father was a tanner, but unsteady in his habits, and failed to provide for his family. His

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mother was a sister of Commodore Porter, and when Miss Davenport, a friend of her girlhood, came out from Philadelphia to visit her, she was so distressed to find her in such unhappy circumstances that she wrote to Commodore Porter, who immediately sent for his sister to join him at Constantinople where he was then Consul. But it was with difficulty and by strategy that Miss Davenport succeeded in getting young Brown to join his mother and uncle. He preferred his free and easy life, when with gun in hand, he would spend days in wandering over the hills (for game was abundant then, even deer were found). The manliness in his nature prevailed, however, and he resolved to make something of himself. So he went to Miss Davenport and told her that if she could arrange it, he was willing to go, but that his father was keeping close watch over him. Whatever Miss Davenport attempted she carried through; so after getting an outfit ready, she had him

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meet her near Hopetown, where she had gone with Colonel and Mrs. Bond, then, changing his clothes in the woods near by they placed him in a wagon which was going to Philadelphia.

After a long, weary ride across the mountains they reached the city. The driver put the boy out at a street corner, told him to wait until he returned, and drove off with the trunk containing the new outfit. After a long wait he realized that he was deserted, but remembering that Miss Davenport had sewed a letter in his coat pocket, he started up the street scanning the faces of the passers by. Finally, he stopped one whose face he thought looked kind, and taking the letter from his pocket, asked if he could tell him where to find the person to whom it was addressed.

The gentleman looked at him a moment and said—"I am the man." After reading the letter, he took the poor forsaken boy home and kept him, until there

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was an opportunity to place him in a vessel going to Constantinople. There he grew up to manhood, learned the language, manners, and customs, of the Porte, was first made Dragoman, then *Chargé d'Affaires*, which position he held until his death. It was after he had risen to prominence that he returned to this country; and it must have been with feelings of pride that he visited his native city, and met with such cordial and lavish hospitality from the friends of his youth.

I do not know whether he ever saw Miss Davenport again; for she went to Cincinnati, soon after 1840, with Colonel Bond's family, but I am sure that if she were still living, he saw her when he visited that city.

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THE WESTERN BUILDING IN THE FIFTIES.

LIKE most boys living in the west-end of Chillicothe, my entry into school life was through the Western Building, and, naturally, by way of good old Miss Pierson's room. I have yet a lively recollection of her early discovery of my predilection for geography, and of her choosing me, when visitors were present, to name and point out the State-Capitals; this pleasure was always tempered by the fear that New Hampshire's capital would be called for, and pride had a fall when such was the case, for the nearest my infantile lips could pronounce it was "corn-cob," and I dreaded the laugh raised at my expense.

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As in these latter days, when certain "fads" or "crazes" sweep over the land, such as the "Blue Glass Craze," Spelling Bees, Crusades, "Commonwealers," and so forth, so such epidemics used to break out at school. The first that I can remember was playing soldier, when we were formed into companies and drilled, and on one occasion were marched to the old ash-pile that used to be where the northern entrance to the Park now is. Later on came a Licorice-water epidemic, when nearly every boy in the Western Building was selling a compound of licorice, sugar, and water. The invariable price, even of the best brands, was a pin for a drink, and the proprietor's finger was held carefully to a certain spot, while the beverage was gurgling down the purchaser's throat. What became of the formidable array of pins in the lapels of the boys' coats, I am unable to say, except that a small portion, after being bent to a certain shape, found their way into the benches of some of the pupils.

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Later on came the mania for ring-making, when mussel shells, hard rubber buttons, and cannel coal, were being rubbed by scores of boys on the stone-facings and sills of the school building, or were being bored out with rat-tail files. The rings made from pink shells were the most prized.

I recall the indisposition for active exertion on the part of one of the boys, when a group of us were telling each other what trade or profession we intended to follow when we were grown. Most of us thought that we would be confectioners, but he said he intended to be a drayman, so that he could always ride for nothing. He was bright enough, however, to win the prize for the greatest improvement in penmanship; although the best penman in school, he had begun his copy-book with a miserable scrawl, but continued gradually to improve until at the end of the term he wrote so well that the prize was handed over to him without any hesitation.

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This brings to mind the time that Mr. Reid, the writing teacher, vexed some of the boys. They got even with him by inducing every boy and girl, when the next copy-books had to be bought, to bring their dimes all in one-cent pieces (the big old-fashioned ones at that), and Mr. Reid's anger can be imagined when he lifted the load that he had to carry.

The epidemics before spoken of were not always confined to the boys, as many of us can recall the time when the poke-bonnet swept over the land; every girl in the Western Building had one within a very short period after its advent, and later on, its contrast, the saucy turban, had its inning and was as universally popular.

In those days much more latitude was allowed the scholars in their games than now; on one occasion "fox and hounds" was played clear over on the side of Spring Hill, and parties were sometimes gotten up to rob the orchard of old Colonel Tay-

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lor, who lived where Mr. David Smart afterwards dwelt for some time. This freedom may have been caused, in part, by the open grounds of the school, which for many years were not fenced in on the south side. After Wood's Indian show had exhibited in Chillicothe, the boys went daft on the subject of Indians, and I well remember the wild dance and the bonfire in the front yard of the school, the boys having their faces stained with poke-berries, and their heads ornamented with chicken feathers, while on the fire was laid the dead body of a dog, which was roasted amid the outlandish yells and "war-whoops" of "us boys."

Many other things come to my mind as I write, that would be of interest to old school-mates, and might possibly be to others, but I have already written more than I intended, and perhaps more than I ought, so I will call a halt on myself.

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LUCY WEBB HAYES.

POSITIVE traits of character are not the result of accident, but come in the way indicated by Carlisle, when he said, "No great man was ever born of fools." That which made the object of this sketch distinguished was not the accident of occupying the high position of wife of the President of the United States, but was the inevitable outcome, under any circumstances, of inheritance and of influences which began at her cradle. We propose to speak, however, only of that period of the life of Lucy Webb Hayes which belongs peculiarly to Chillicothe. Tenderness, and kindness of heart, and a desire to minister to the unfortunate, were the ruling motives of her life.

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LUCY WEBB HAYES.

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Dr. James Webb, her father, was born in Kentucky and served in the war of 1812. He was of the finest type of Southern gentlemen, generous, tender, chivalrous, and opposed to slavery. Her mother, Maria Cook, daughter of Judge Isaac Cook of Puritan stock, was a woman of unusual strength of character and religious convictions.

Dr. Webb lost his life in Kentucky, during a terrible scourge of cholera, while nursing his father's family. Mrs. Webb, thus being left a widow early in life, devoted herself to the problem of rearing and educating her children. Lucy being a great favorite with her grandfather, Judge Cook, whose temperance principles were most pronounced, early imbibed from him those views which so greatly influenced her after life, and which have made her name an inspiration to all temperance workers.

In course of time, she became a pupil in Miss Baskerville's school. Some inci-

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dents occurred during that period, which illustrate the dominant traits of her character, not only in childhood, but in all her after life. The following is told as a part of her own experience, by a friend still a resident of Chillicothe:

There came one day into the school two little girls, who were the daughters of a well-to-do widow recently arrived from Germany, attracted to the new world by its more liberal institutions. Wishing to secure the best educational advantages for her daughters, she placed them in Miss Baskerville's school. The little strangers were dressed, of course, in the fashions of Germany, with their hair hanging in plaits down their backs. "Original sin" crops out in girls, as well as in boys, and the little foreigners were made the butt of school-girl pranks and ridicule, and their toes were stepped on to call attention to the queerly shaped shoes they wore. Lucy at once became the champion of the forlorn little strangers,

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carrying them off to play under the big shady trees of the school-yard, and keeping a bright lookout that they were not imposed upon by the mischief-loving girls. Producing from her pocket the necessary materials, she cut out, and together they sewed doll clothes, thus making them forget, in the happy moments under the trees, the slights and contempt so keenly felt by children. One of these little garments was treasured by one of the sisters until her death, many years afterwards. The survivor, in relating this story, said earnestly, "We never forgot Lucy Webb, neither did we forget the girl who trod on our toes."

There was plenty of fire in Lucy Webb's nature, and she was fearless in resenting wrong even in high places, as the following will show: One day she took a small cousin (now Gen. J. S. Fullerton) to school as a visitor. Miss Baskerville, with that disregard for the polite amenities for which she was famous, proceeded to

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apply her switch to the small visitor, for some fancied dereliction. Miss Baskerville was an autocrat unequalled by any Russian czar, and to question her authority was an unheard of enormity among her pupils. But Lucy flew at her like a little fury, twisting the switch from her hand, and crying, "How dare you whip Joe, I brought him here to visit, and you shan't touch him." The school sat breathless, expecting to see the daring offender wiped out from off the face of the earth, but the grim old lady smiled and dismissed the children with some caustic remark. Lucy carried Joe off home, to pour out her indignant heart to his mother, and it is needless to add that never again did she take a visitor to Miss Baskerville's school.

Her nature was not more sympathetic than joyous and happy. No one who knew her can forget the sunshiny effect of her presence in any company or household.

Mrs. Webb, in time, removed from Chil-

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licothe to Delaware, Ohio, to educate her sons, and Lucy received instruction from the Professors of the College. Afterwards, they removed to Cincinnati, where she graduated at the Wesleyan College, a school of high character. Lucy, at this time, was sixteen years old, and her appearance is thus described by a schoolmate, and life-long friend, Mrs. Dr. John Davis, of Cincinnati, who has written a most complete and appreciative sketch of her life:

"A pure, innocent face, somewhat shy and demure in expression. Large hazel eyes, capable of dancing with mirth, or melting into tenderness. Abundant dark, glossy hair, worn not unlike the style with which you are all familiar. Mouth sweet and expressive, classically formed nose, arched eyebrows, full, intellectual forehead, and complexion known as rose brunette. She was of medium height, with slender, girlish form, in a dress of

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gray cashmere, made in the extreme of simplicity. The *tout ensemble* gave the impression of a certain naïve refinement, not unlike that of the Puritan maiden, Priscilla, whose picture is so exquisitely drawn for us by Longfellow. This is how I saw her that day in school, standing by my desk, as I looked up from my book."

That after a lapse of forty-one years, Mrs. Davis could so distinctly recall her looks, her tone, her dress, is evidence of her intense personality, which so impressed itself upon her friends, that they can still almost hear her voice, see the light of her beautiful eyes, and feel the charm of her smile which was a strongly marked feature of her youth.

Mrs. Webb's residence now became fixed in Cincinnati, and there, Lucy renewed the friendship begun in Delaware, with Rutherford B. Hayes, which culminated in their marriage. Chillicothe was

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never again to be her home, but to it she returned constantly, turning with joy from the honors and excitements of later years, to its tranquil atmosphere, and its, to her, ever sacred memories.

THE END.

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